



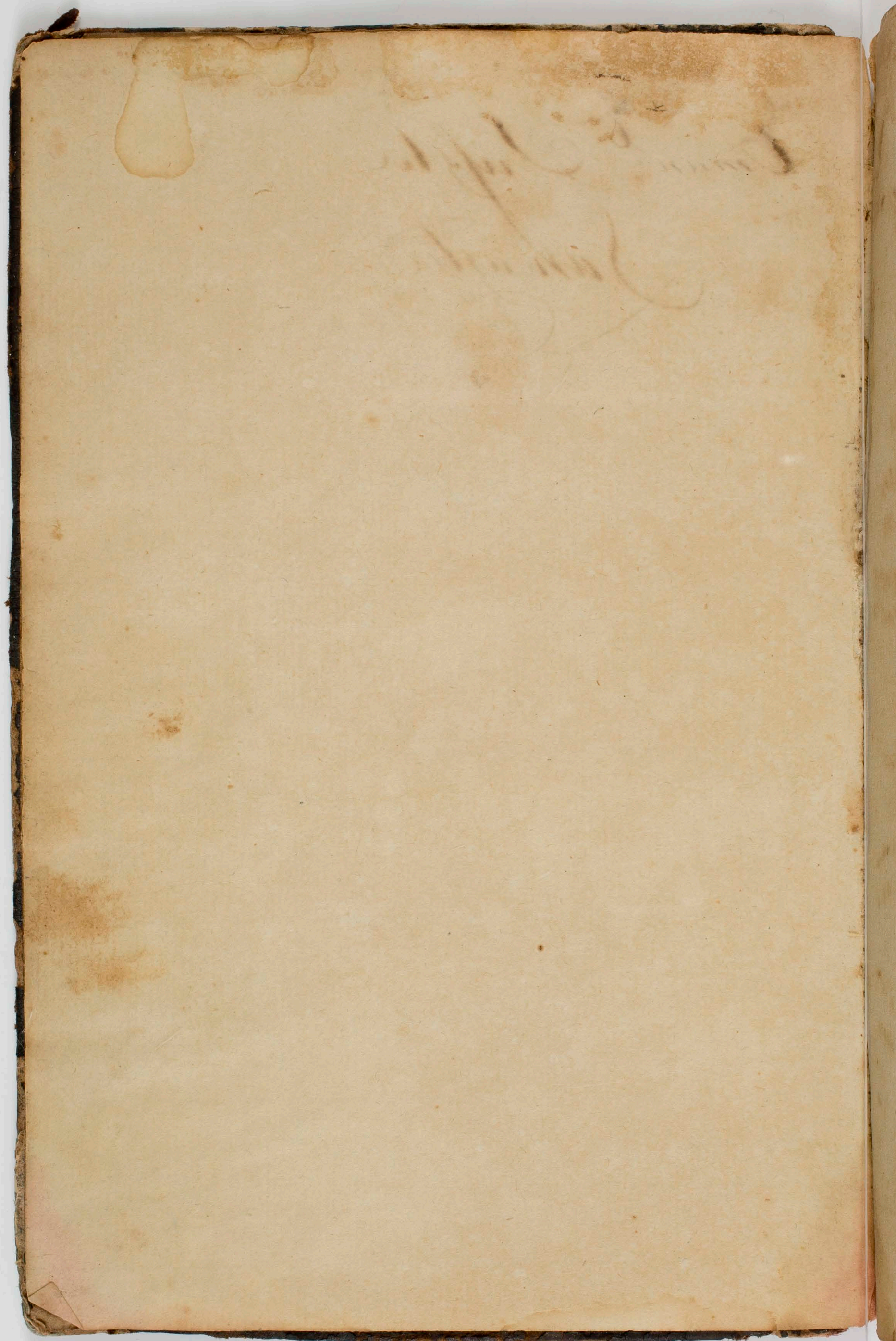
32 songs in all.

22 English.

10 German

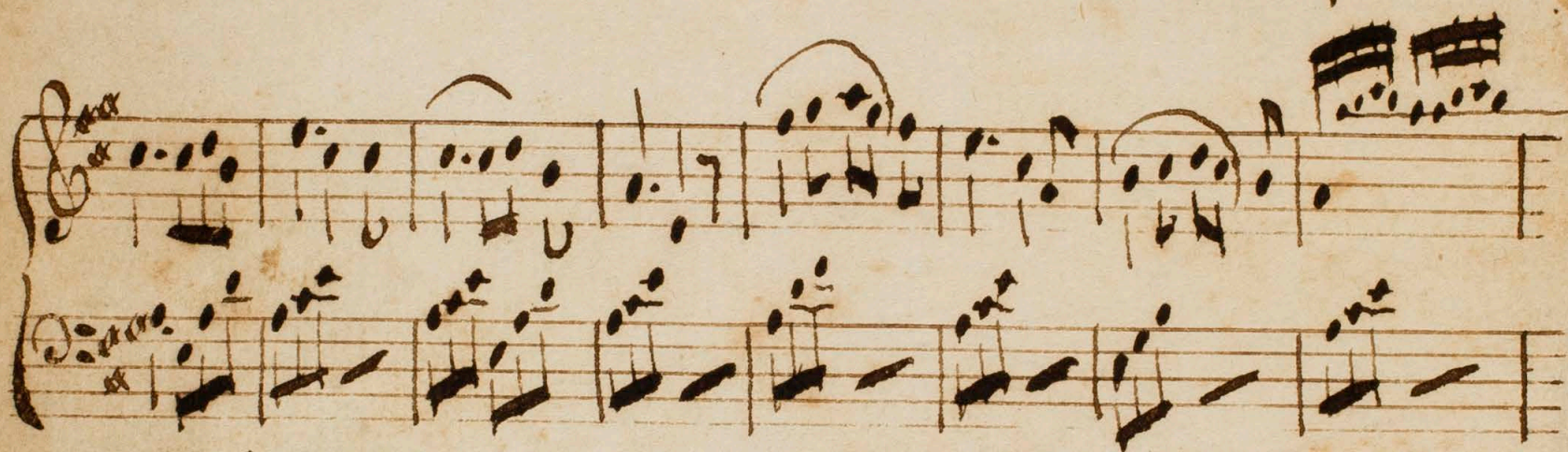
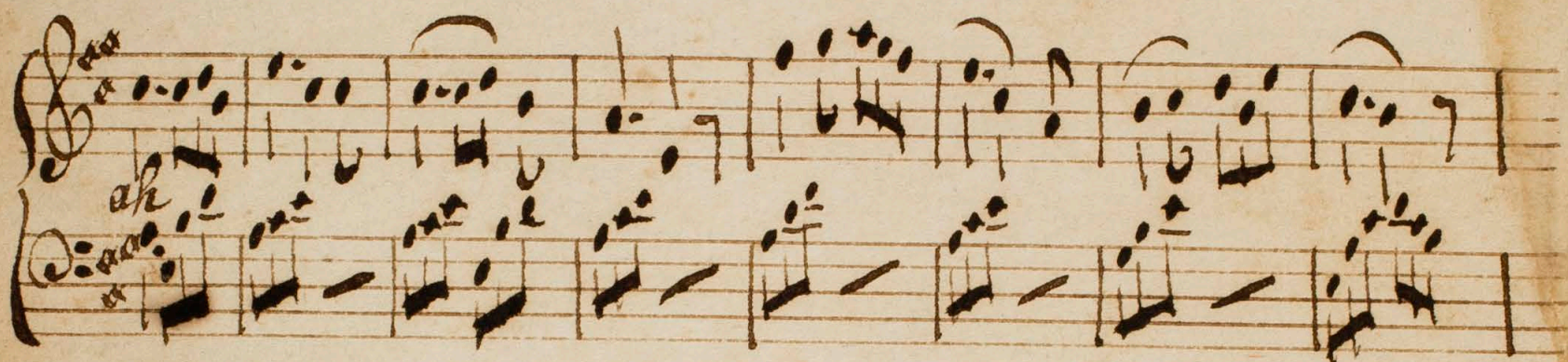
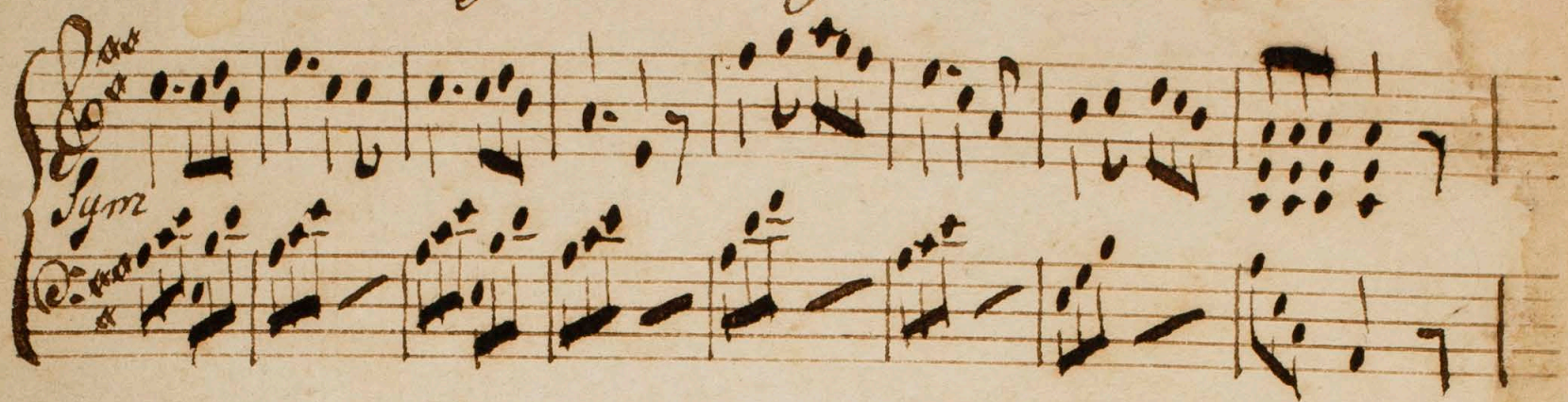
Eman Triffler
Lancaster





Emmanuel Trifster
Lancaster
Mass

Henry's Cottage Maid,



Henry's Cottage Maid,



Ah where can fly my souls true Love,
Sad I wander this lone Grove
Sighs and tears for him I shed
Henry is from Laura fled,
Thy Love to me thou didst impart
Thy Love soon won my Virgin Heart
But dearest Henry thou'st betray'd
Thy Love with thy poor Cottage Maid.

Through the Vale my Grief appears,
Sighing sad with pearly tears
Oft thy Image is my theme,
As I wander O'er the green
See from my cheeks the Colour flies,
And Loves sweet hope within me dies
For Oh: dearest Henry thou'st betray'd
Thy Love with thy poor Cottage Maid.

Pensive



Pensive

When pensive I thought of my Love
the Moon on the Mountains was bright
And Philomel down in the grove
broke sweetly the silence of night
O I wish'd that the tear drop would flow
but felt too much anguish to weep,
till wearied with the weight of my woe,
I sunk on my pillow to sleep :||: ~ .

We thought that my Love as I lay,
his Ringlets all clotted with gore,
In that paleness of death seem'd to say
Alas we must never meet more
Yes yes my beloved we must part
The steel of my Rival was true
The Assassin has struck on that Heart
which beat with such favour for you :||: .

The Caladonian Maid



Oh say have you my Mary seen
The Caledonian Maid
or Heard the Shephards on the green
say where my Mary's stray'd
The damsel is of Angle mien
with sad and douncast Eyes
The Shephards calls her sorrows queen
so pensively she sigh'd.

But why those sighs so sadly swell,
or why her tears so flow
In vain they press'd the lovely Girl
the inate cause to know
Ev' er reason form'd her tender mind
the Virgin learnt to Love
Compassion taught her to be kind
deceit she was above.

And had not wars terrific voice
forbid the nuptial bands
Ev' er now had Sandy been her Choise
And Hymen bound their hands
But sinse the Swoard of war is sheath'd
and peace resumes her charms
My every Joy is now bequeath'd
unto my Mary's arms.

The Fowler

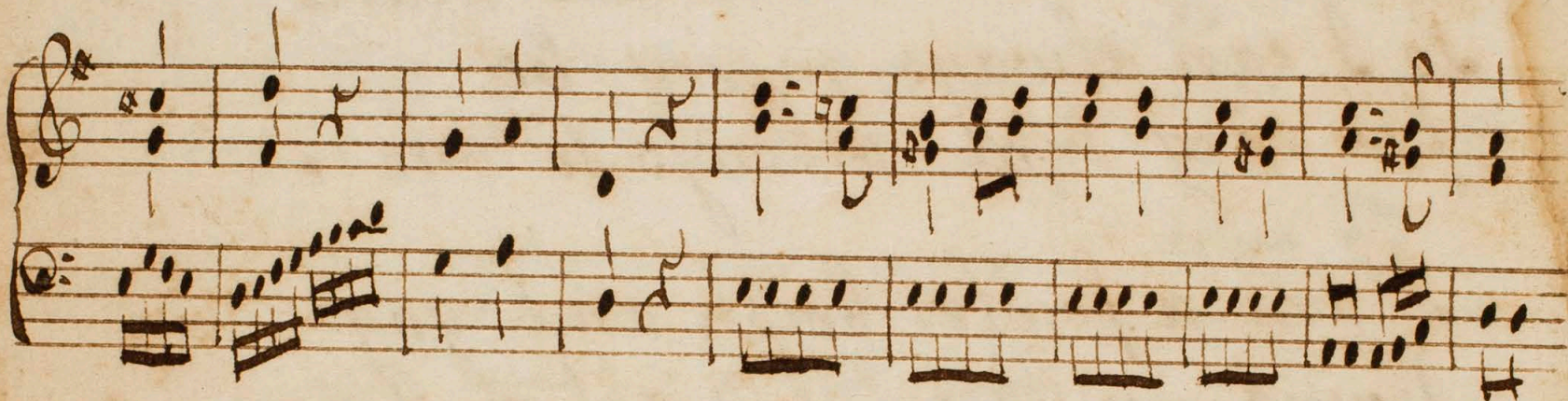


I am a fowler brisk and gay
Icund and cheerful Night and Day
there's not a fowler to be found
more known in all the Country round
None better skild to allure a bird
a better whistler never was heard
So I can always merry be
for evry bird belongs to me.

I am a fowler brisk and gay
Icund an cheerful Night and day
there's not a fowler to be found
more known in all the Country round
Now, could I but a Net Invent
wherein the Lasses could be pennd
I'd catch and lock them up with me
And mine should all the Lasses be.

If all the Lasses then were mine
I'd buy me dainties sweet and fine
And all of them I would impart
to her who most should please my heart
And would she kiss and fondle me
If she my tender wife would be
to please her I would try my best
And lull her in my arms to rest.

Auf und Trinkt

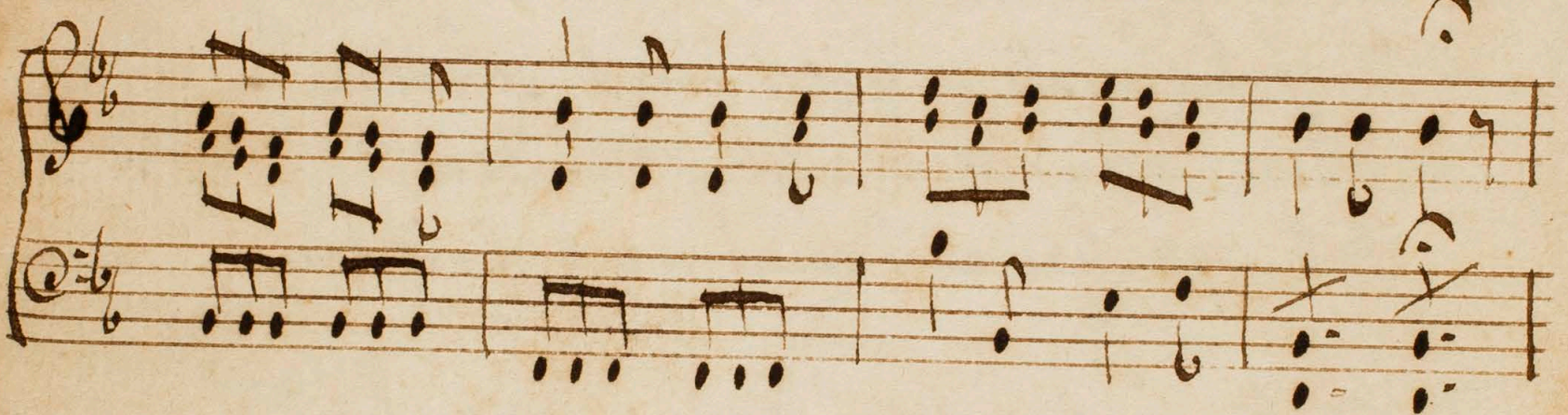
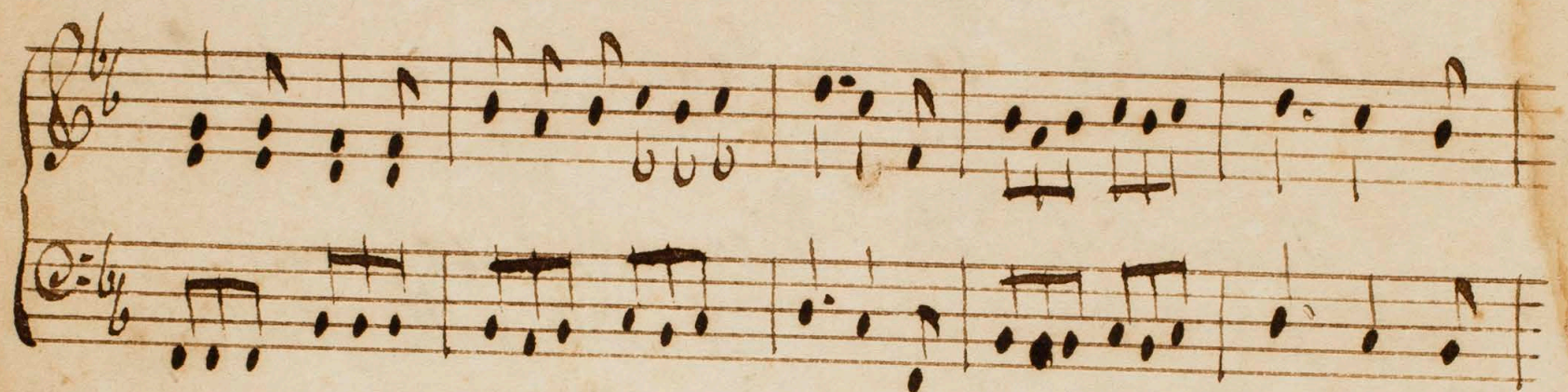


Auf und trinkt, Brüder trinkt
denn für gute Leute, ist der gute Wein
Und wir wollen heute, froh und frolich seyn
Auf und trinkt, Brüder trinkt.
Stoßet an und sprecht darneben
Alle kranke sollen leben, auf und

Herrlich ist, hier und schön
doch des Lebens schöne, ist mit Noth vereint
es wird manche Thräne, unterm Mond geweint
Herrlich ist, hier und schön.
Allen traurigen und Müden
Gott geb ihnen Freud und Frieden,
Herrlich

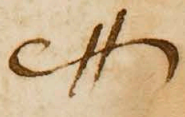
Auf und trinkt, Brüder trinkt
Jeder Bruder lebe, sey ein guter Mann
Fördre, tröste, gebe, helfe wo er kann
Auf und trinkt, Brüder trinkt.
Armer Mann bang und beklomen
Ruf uns nur wir wollen kommen,
auf und

Das ganze dorf



Das ganze dorf lad ich mir ein
das ganze dorf soll bey mir seyn
da wollen wir Essen und Trinken
da wollen wir tanzen und springen
da schenket jeder Bier und Wein
So Viel er will sich selber ein .

Und wenn wir nun die ganze Nacht,
Von Herzen lustig uns gemacht,
so gehen wir froh auseinander,
Mein Clärchen und ich mit einander
und Schäkern, sind wir dann allein
und schlafen überm Schäkern ein .

Acht ganzer Tage geht es so ,
Acht ganzer Tag in Jubilo
da sollen by lauten Schallmeyer
sich Männer und Weiber erfreien
und Görgen's Hochzeit soll allein
die zweite Thirns im Dorfe seyn . 

Andächtig *Lobt den Herrn*

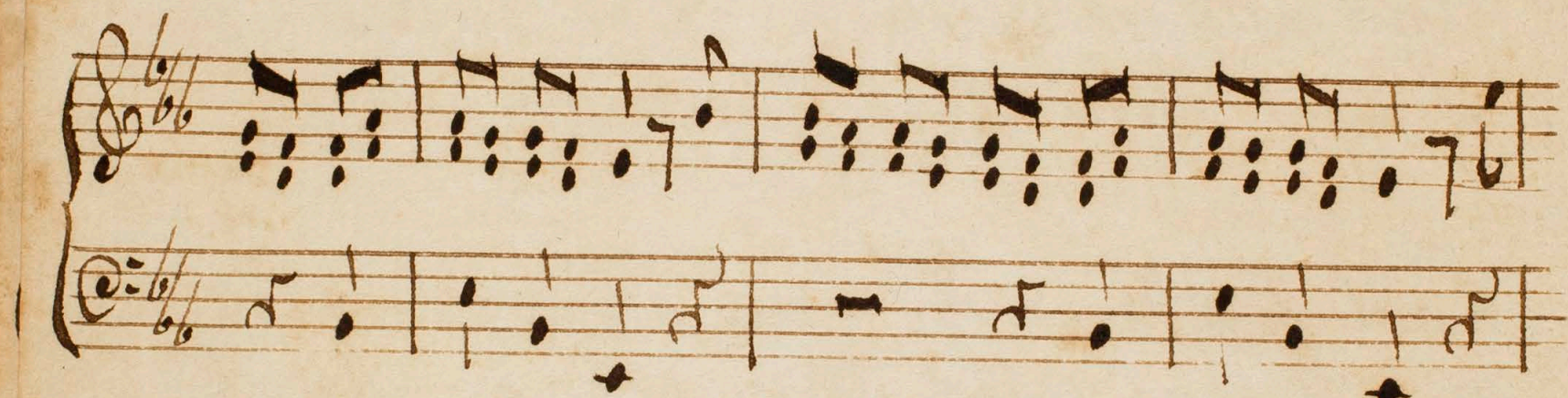
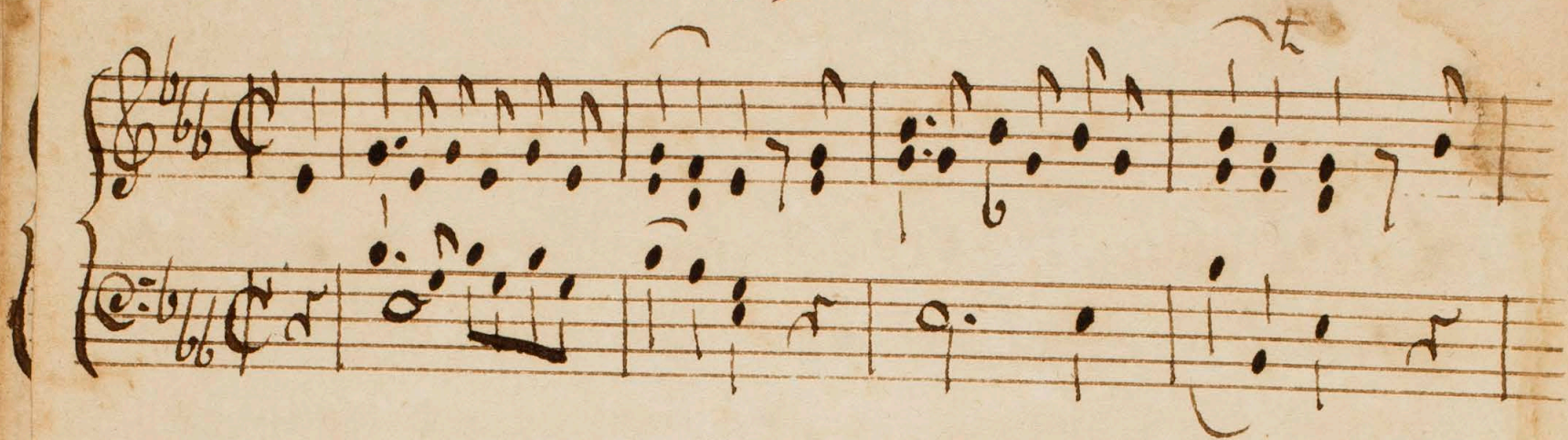


Lobt den Herrn: die Morgen Sonne,
Weckt die Flur aus ihrer Ruh
Und der ganzen Schöpfung wonne
Strömt Verjüngt uns wieder zu. —

Lobt den Herrn! in frühen Lüften
Lobet ihn der Blumen Flor,
Und auf Wispeln in den Lüften
Singet ihm der Vögel Chor, ~

Lobt den Herrn! aus seiner Höhle
Brüllt das Wild ihm seinen Dank
O! vor allem meine Seele,
Tön ihm früh dein Lobgesang. ~

Ein Toppers Lied,

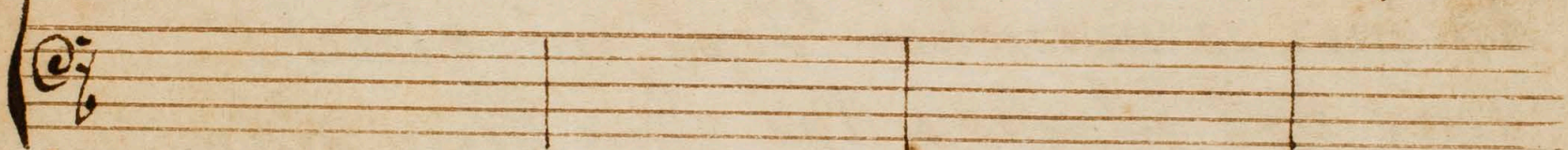
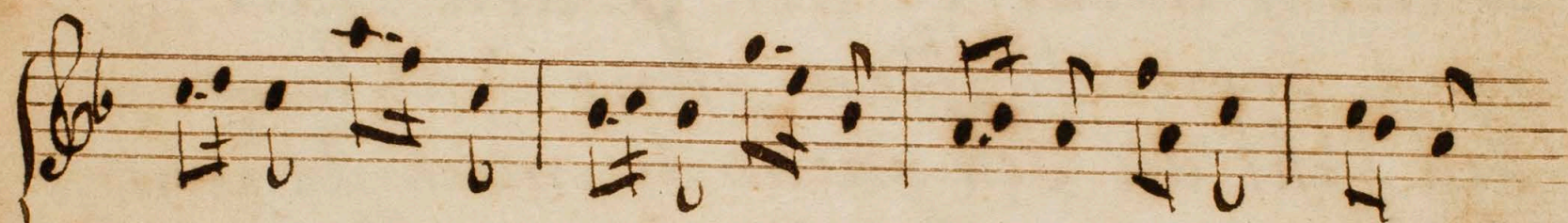


Forscht nach, wer war der erste Töpfer
der große Gott, des Metalls Schöpfer
die Bibel lehrt aus rohem Ton
Schuf er den ersten Menschen Sohn,
drum Segn' ich mich beim Töpfers Loos
Und denk mich durch das Vorbild groß
das er mir gab; in meinem Fach,
Ahm ich dem höchsten Meister nach.

An ihn denk ich bey meiner Scheibe
so leicht ich sie im Kreisse treibe
so leicht dreht er den Erden-Ball,
und ferne Welten ohne Zahl,
Ich fühl die Schwäche die mich drückt
da mir so mancher Topf misglückt
Nur Gott ist groß das ihm kein Plan,
kein Werk, kein Zweck misslingen kan,

Vielfältigkeit in den Geschöpfen
Stell ich mir vor bey meinen Töpfen,
Ich mach sie ungleich an Gestalt,
wie man sie braucht und am Gehalt,
geht in die Küche seht die Welt,
die ich in Fächern aufgestellt
lobt den Geschmack; nur poltert nicht
den meine Welt von Thon zerbricht. *CH*

A Hunters Song



Hark hark the Joy inspiring horn,
Salutes the rosy rising Morn,
And Echoes thro' the dale :
With calmrous peals the hills resound,
The Hounds quick Scented sweep the ground
And snuff the fragrant gale : .

Nor gates nor hedges can impade,
The brisk high-mettle'd starting Steed,
The Jovial pack persue :
Like lightning darting over the plains
The distant hills with speed he gains,
And sees the game in view : .

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
And to the copse for shelter makes
There pants a while for breath :
When now the noise alarms her ear
Her haunts defray, her fate is near,
She sees approaching death : .

Directed by the well known breeze
The hounds their trembling victim seize
She faints, she falls, she dies :
The distant coursers now come in,
And join the Loud triumphant din =
Till Echo rend the Skies . : .

Winter

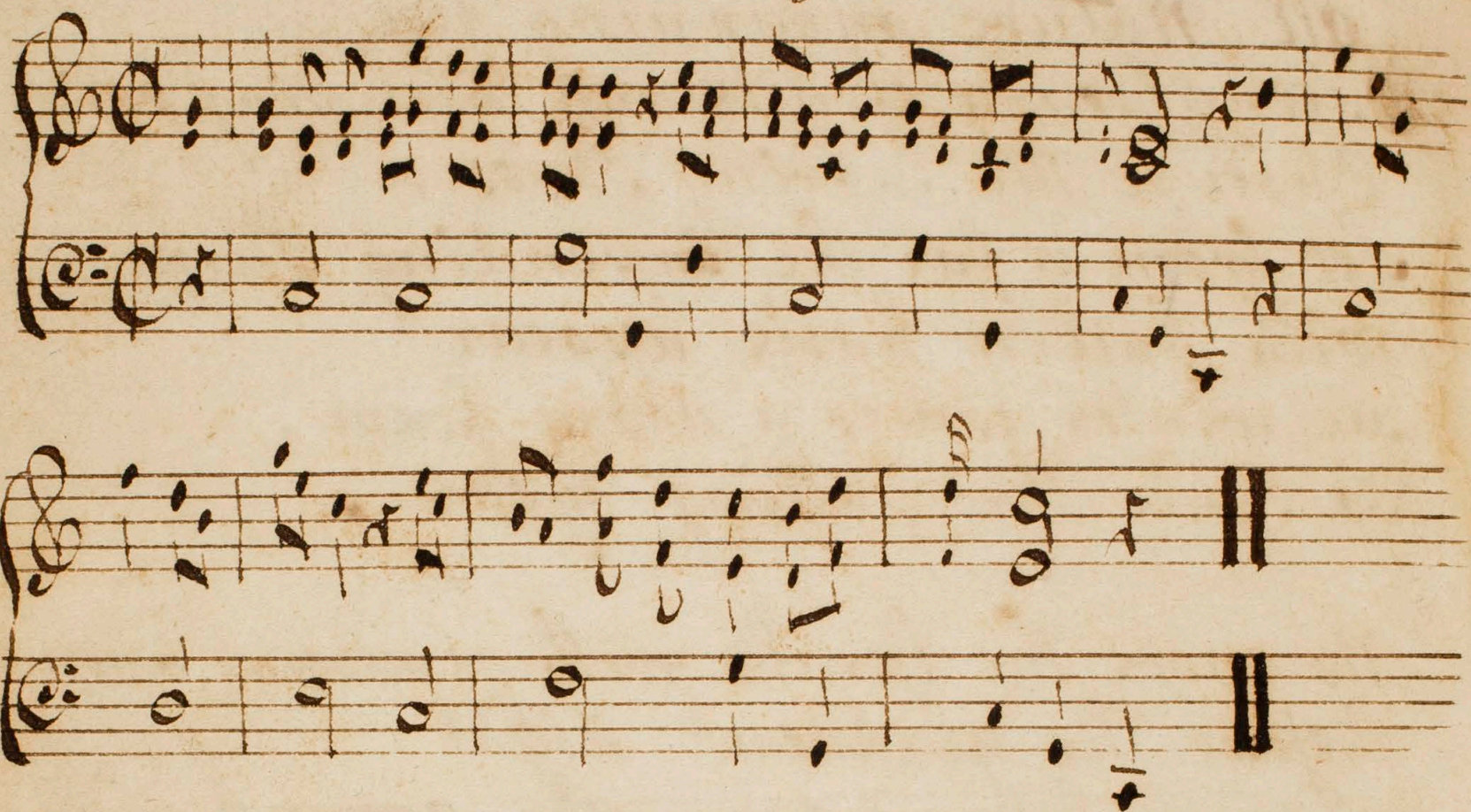


Adieu, ye groves Adieu ye plains,
all Nature mourning lies
see gloomy clouds and thickning rains
Obscure the labring Skies,
See from a far the impending Storm
with fullen haste appear
see winter comes a deary form,
To Rule the falling Year.

No more the lambs with gamesome bound
Rejoice the gladden'd Sight,
No more the gay enamell'd ground,
Or Silvans Scenes delight,
Thus Lovely Nancy, much loved maid
Thy early Charms must fail
Thy Rose must droop, thy Lilly fade,
And Winter soon prevail.

Again the Lark sweet bird of day,
may rise on active wing,
Again the Sportive heards may play
And Hail! reviving spring,
but youth my fair Gees no return,
The pleasing Bubble's Over,
In vain its fleeting days you moan,
The fall to Bloom no more. H

Der Frühlings Abend.



Willkommen o Seliger Abend,
dem Herzen das froh dich genießt
Du bist so erquickend so Labend,
drum sey mir recht herzlich gegrüßt.

In deine erfreuliche kühle
Vergißt man die Leiden der Zeit
Vergißt man des Mittages Schwüle
Und ist nun zum danken bereit.

Drückt uns eine reizende schöne
im traulichen dunkel die hand
kein Wieland beschreibet die Scene,
sie ist mit dem Himmel verwandt.

Wenn sausende Lüften uns kühlen
kein Luschen und horchen uns stört
dann wird unter wonne-gefühlen,
der Becher des freundschafts geleert.

Im wiedersehen Himmlischer Herzen
feyr't liebe den schönsten Triumph
dann schlagen sich Herzen an Herzen
Und Echo ruft leise Triumph.

Im Kreise uns liebenden Freunde
Gelagert ins Schwellende grün
Verzeih'n wir fluchende Feinde
und lassen im friede ihn ziehn.

Willkommen o abend voll milde
du Schenkst den Ermüdeten ruh
Versetzt uns in Edens Gefühle
Und lächelst uns Seligkeit zu. *eff*

Arm und klein ist meine Hütte



Arm und klein ist meine Hütte
doch ein sitz der einigkeit
Ihn ihr wohnt bey jedem schritte
Armuth und zufriedenheit
Laszt die Liebe bey uns wohnen
die uns blumen kränzen flecht
So beneid ich Gott und kronen
Auch den grösten fürsten nicht.

Wann mein weibchen, mir am herzen
Heiter wie ein Engel liegt
Bald mit singen und mit scherzen
sich in meinen armen wiegt.

Wann der Silber'e quelle rauschet
bey der kleinen Hütten thür
Uns der mond allein belauschet
Gott, ach Gott wie dank ich dir.

Mit der ersten morgen Strahle
Weckt mit einem kuss sie mich
Setz ich mir bey Morgen Mahle
Freut der lieben Sonnen sich
Eilet dann mit muntern sinnen
zu der kindern froh und Tanz
Und beginnt den flachs zu Spinnen
den ihr meine hand gepflanzt.

O wie bin ich froh und frölich
Wenn sie Märchen mir erzählt
Gott wie ist der mensch so Seelig
der sich nicht um reichthum quält
Arm und klein is meine Hütte
doch ein Sitz der einigkeit.
Gott erfülle meine bitte
Lass mir nur Zufriedenheit.

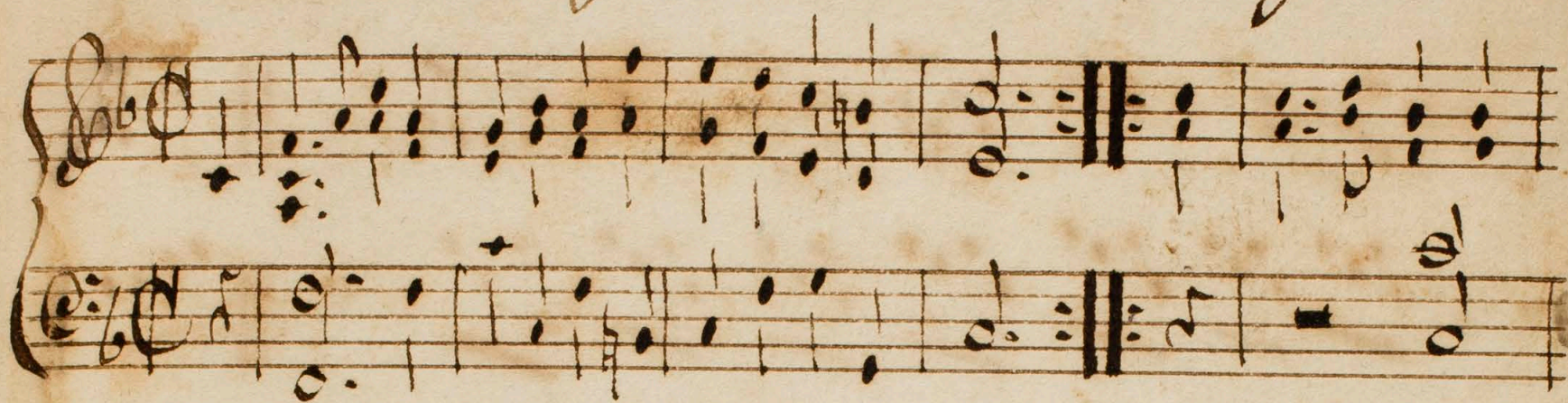
Ohne Lieb und ohne Wein,



Ohne lieb und ohne wein
Was wär unser leben?
Alles was uns kan erfreun
Müssen diese geben
Wenn die grossen sich erfreun
Was ist ihre freude
Schöne weiber guter wein
einzig diese beyde.

Sieger die des Siegs sich freun
fragen nichts nach kränzen
sie erholen sich beym wein
und bey Schlaunen Tänzzen
Uns Trübt oft des lebens sein
doch nur wenn wir dürsten
aber gebt uns lieb und Wein
O! so sind wir Fürsten. *off*

Was frag ich Viel nach geld =



Was frag ich viel nach geld und guth
wenn ich zufrieden bin
Gibt Gott mir nur gesundes Blut
so hab ich frohen sinn
Und sing aus dankbarem gemüth
Mein Morgen, und mein Abend Lied.

So mancher Schwimmt im überflusz
hat haus und hof und geld
Und ist doch imer voll verdruß
und freut sich nicht der Welt
Je mehr er hat je mehr er will
Nie schweigen seine klagen still. #

Alles kommt zu seinem Ende



Alles kommt zu seinem Ende
Aber mein verlangen nicht
Wo ich nur mein auge hinwende
seh ich Schatten und kein licht
kein vergnügen will sich zeigen
keine freude wird erblickt
Ich muß leiden und verschweigen
was mir auf dem Herzen liegt.

Erstlich thue ich mich Stellen
als wenn ich vergnüget wär
da doch von betrübten fällen
ist mein ganzes Herz beschwert
Wenn ich schon von aussen scherze
so geschieht es nur zum schein
Ich muß leiden und Ver Schmerzen
immerfort gefoltert seyn.

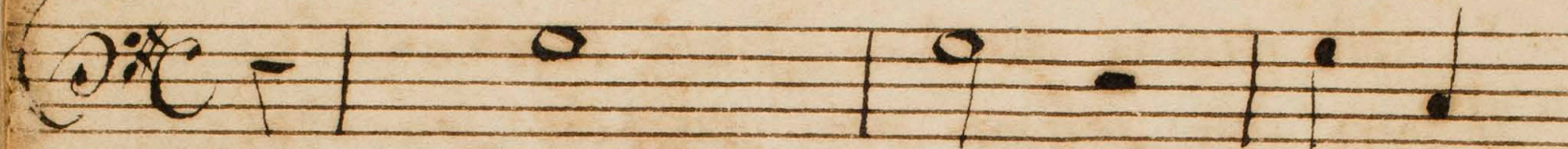
Dieser schluss thut meiner Seele
Viel gewalt und unrecht an
Aber was hilft all mein klagen
wann ich es nicht ändern kan
Stille seuffer und weh-klagen
hat das schicksal so bestelt
Doch geduldig will ichs tragen
weil so lehrt die weisse Welt.

Endlich werden tag zu jahren
und aus finsterniß das licht
Endlich werden nacht zu tagen
wann der helle mond anbricht
Endlich werden dürre näste
auch mit rosen ausgeziert
Endlich endlich komt das beste
wann das Schlimste sich verliert.

Major Andre's complaint



Return en raptur'd hours when I lie's



heart was mine when she with wreaths of



flower's my tresses did entwine no jea lous



ly nor care cor-rod in my breast nor





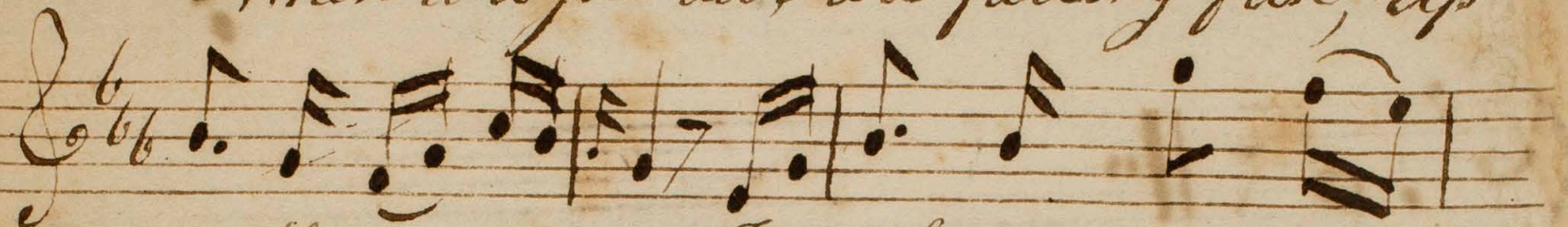
Since I'm remov'd from state²
And bid adieu to time
At my unhappy fate
Let Delia not refine
But may the mighty Jove
Her crown with happiness
This grant ye powers above
And take my soul to bliss³
Now nightly round my bed
No airy visions play
No florets deck my head
Each vernal holiday
But far from these sad plains
The lovely Delia flies
While rack'd with jealous pains
Her wretched Andre dies

Twilight Dews

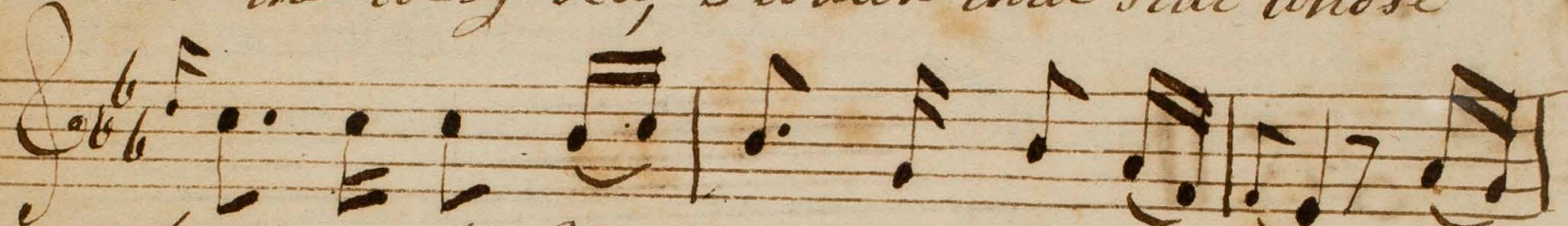
Andante



When twilight dew's are falling fast, Up



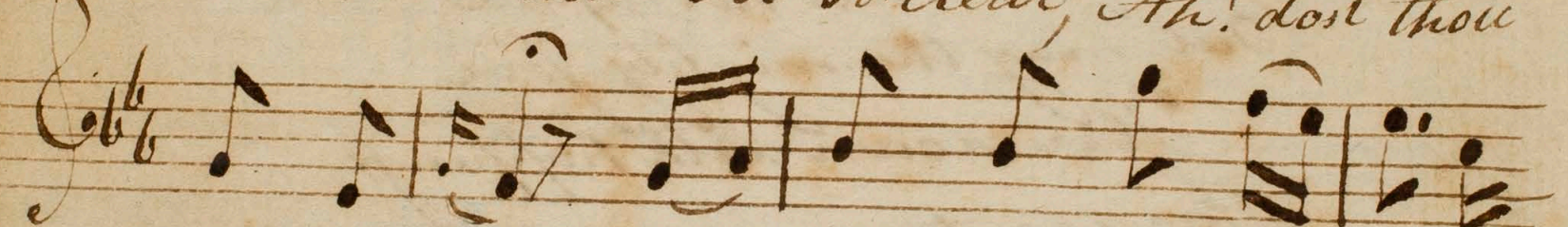
on the ro-sy sea; I watch that star whose



beam so oft, It has lighted me to thee; And



thou too on that orb so clear, Ah! dost thou



gaze at ev'n And think tho' lost for ever



here Shouldst still be mine in heav'n

There's not a garden walk I tread,
There's not a flower I see;
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy I've lost with thee:
And still I wish that hour was near,
When friends and foes forgiven;
The pains, the ills we've wept thro' here
May turn to smiles in heav'n!

moderate My Heart And Lute

I give thee all I can no more Tho' poor the

offering be; My heart and lute are all the

store that I can bring to thee. A lute whose

gentle song reveals The soul of love full

well, And, better far, a heart that feels Much

more than Lute could tell. I give the all I

can no more Tho' poor the offering be; My

Heart and Lute are all the store that I can

bring to thee

Tho' Love and Song may fail, alas!

To keep life's clouds away,
At least 'twill make them lighter pass,

Or gild them if they stay,

If ever care his discord flings

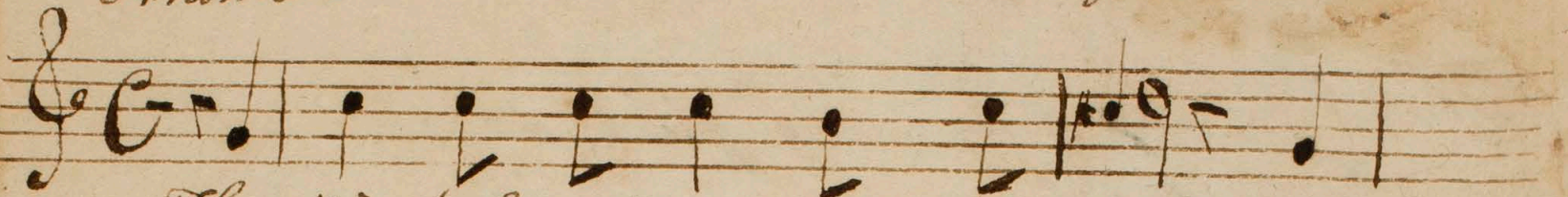
O'er life's enchanted strain,

Let Love but gently touch the strings,

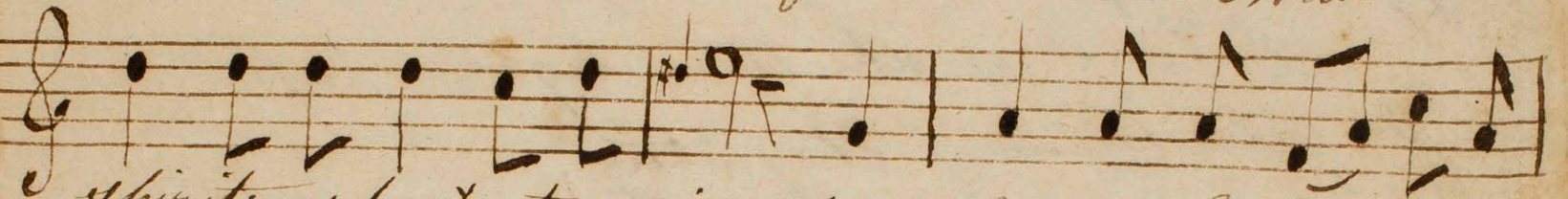
'Twill all be sweet again!

I give thee all I can no more be

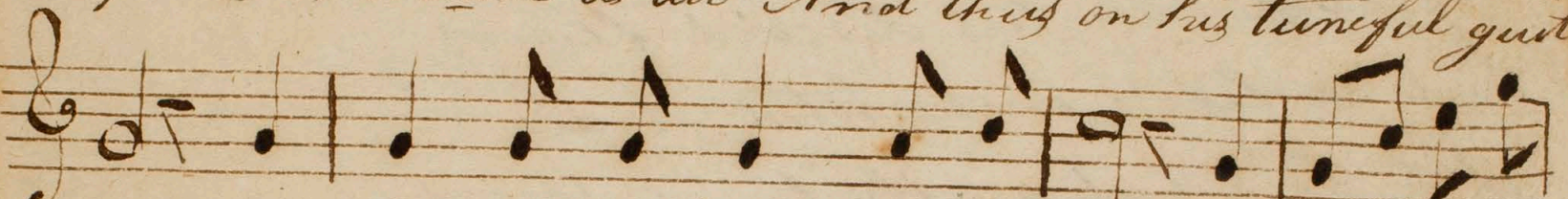
Animato The Minstrels return'd from the war



The Minstrels return'd from the war With



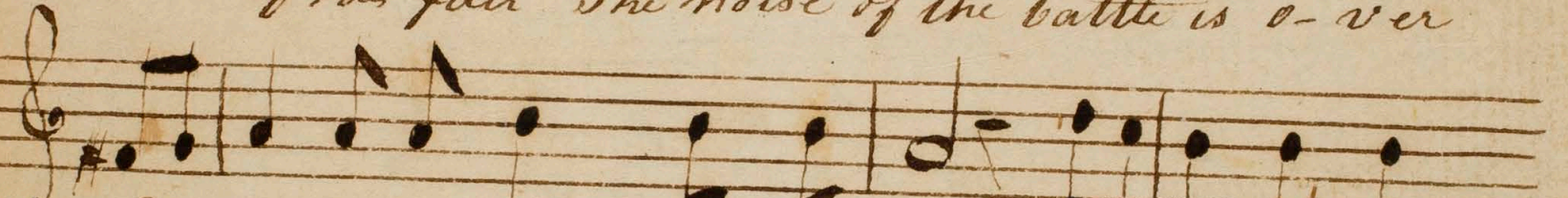
spirits as bouyant as air And thus on his tuneful guit-



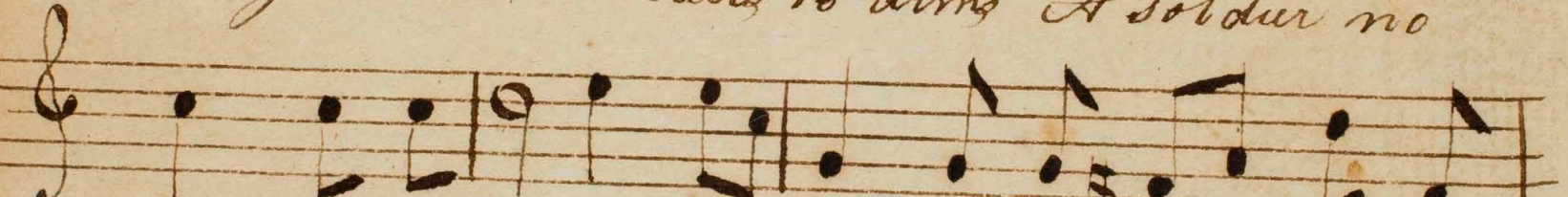
-ar He sings in the bow'r of his fair He sings in the



bow'r of his fair The noise of the battle is o-ver



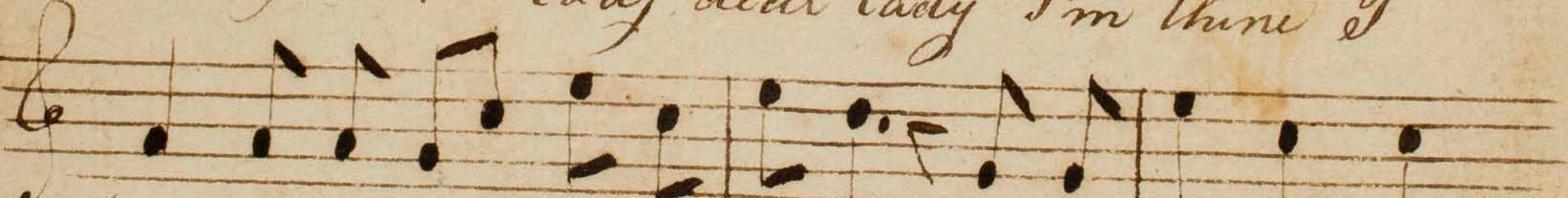
The bugle no more calls to arms A soldier no



more but a lo-ver, I kneel to the pow'r of thy



charms Sweet lady dear lady I'm thine I



bend to the ma-gic of beauty; Tho' the helmet and

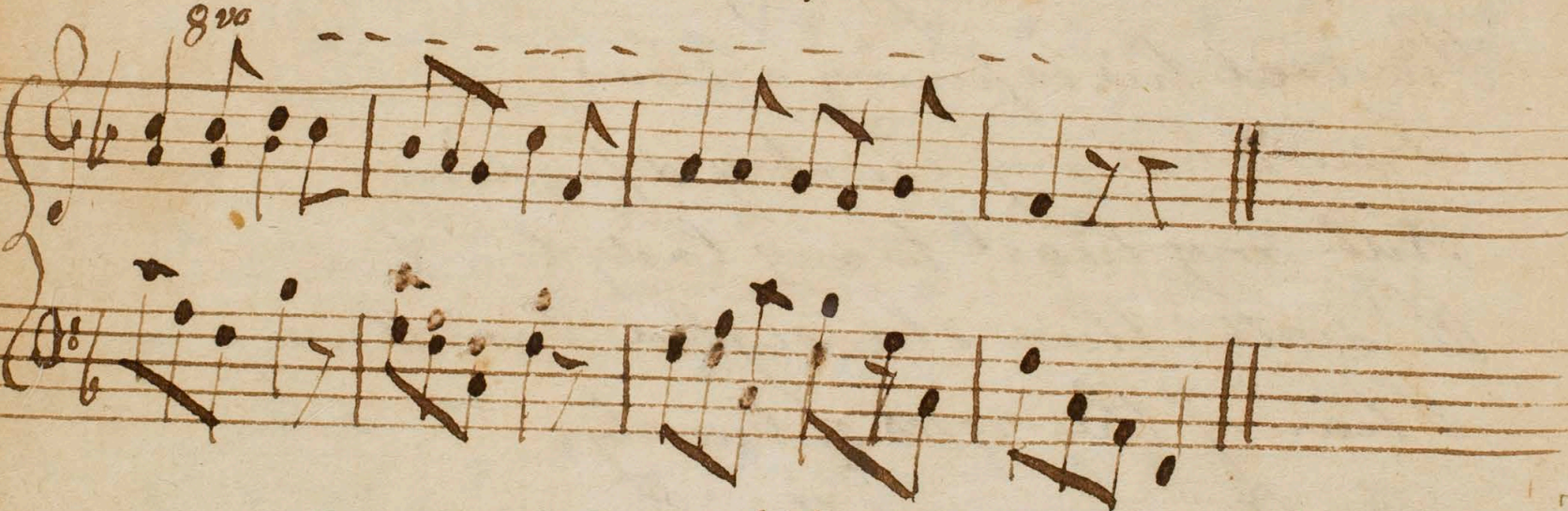
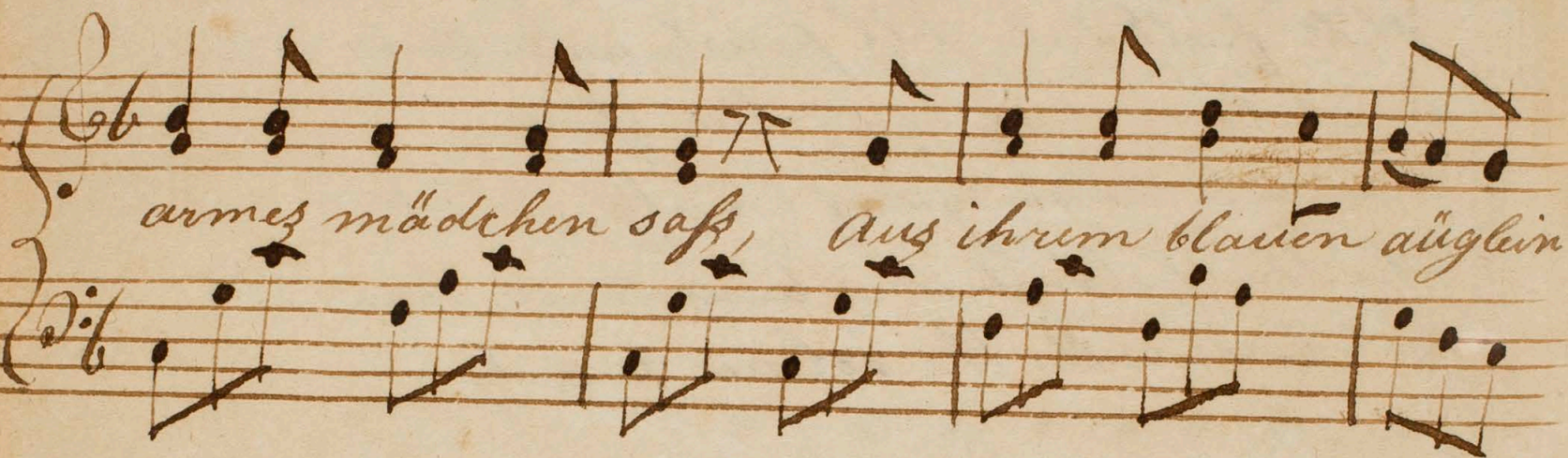


banners are mine yet love calls the soldier to duty

The minstrel his suit warmly pressed,
 She blush'd sigh'd and hung down her head;
 Till conquer'd she fell on his breast,
 And thus to the happy youth said,
 The bugle shall part us, love, never,
 My bosom thy pillow shall be;
 Till death tears thee from me forever
 Still faithful, I'll perish with thee,
 Sweet lady, dear lady I'm thine,
 I bend to the magic of beauty
 Tho' the helmet and banner are thine
 Yet love calls the soldier to duty

But fame called the youth to the field,
 His banner wav'd over his head;
 He gave his guitar for a shield,
 But soon he laid low with the dead:
 While she o'er her young hero bending,
 Received his expiring adieu;
 I die while my country defending,
 With my heart to my lady love true,
 Oh! death! then she sigh'd I am thine,
 I fear of the roses of beauty,
 For the grave of the hero is mine,
 He died true to love and to duty!

Andante Der gute Reiche "



Und warf ihn in den strom
Ach lieber Vater rief sie aus,
Ach lieber Bruder Horn,

3
Ein reicher Herr gegangen kam,
Und sah das Mädchen schmerzt
Sah ihre Thränen ihrem Gram,
Und das brach ihm sein Hertz.

4
Er sprach was fehlt Lieb's Mädchen dir,
Was weinst du so früh
Sag deiner Thränen Ursach mir
Kann ich so heb ich sie.

5
Ach lieber Herr sprach sie und sah,
Mit trübem Aug ihn an
Sie sehn ein armes Mädchen da,
Denn Gott nur helfen kan. —

6
Dort sehn sie jene Rosenbank
Ist meiner Mutter Grab —
Und ach vor wenig Tagen sank
Mein Vater auch Hinab.

7
Der wilde Strom riß ihn da hin
Mein Bruder sah's und sprang
Und ach der Strom ergriff auch ihn
Und ach, auch er ertrank. —

8
Nun ich im Waisen Hause bin
Und wen ich rast-tag hab
Eil ich zu diesem Strome hin
Und weine mich recht ab.

9
Solst nicht mehr weinen Liebes Kind
Ich will dein Vater seyn
Du hast ein Hertz das es verdien't
Du bist so from und fein.

Vollt

10

Er that, er nahm sie in sein haus,
Der gute Reiche man
That ihr die trauer kleider aus
Und that ihr bespre an.

11

Sie ass an seinem tisch und trank
aus seinem becher satt
Der gute richer habe dank
Für seine Edle that.

12

Leb immer treu und redlichkeit
Bis an dein kühlis grab
Und weiche keinen finger breit,
Von Gottes wegen ab.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, featuring several notes with stems and dots.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, featuring several notes with stems and dots.

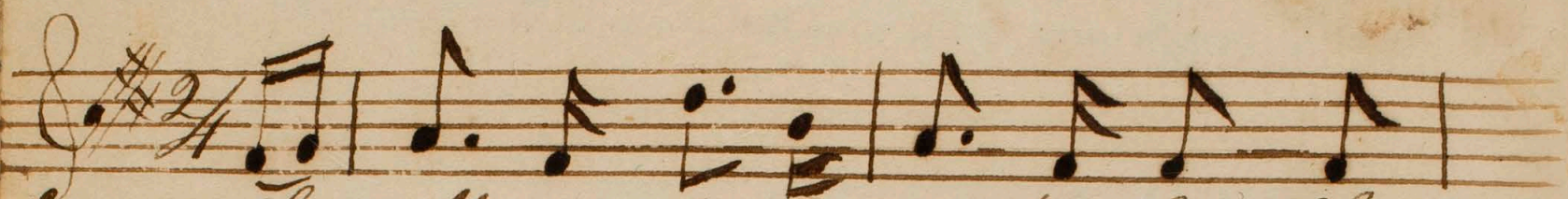
Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, featuring several notes with stems and dots.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, featuring several notes with stems and dots.

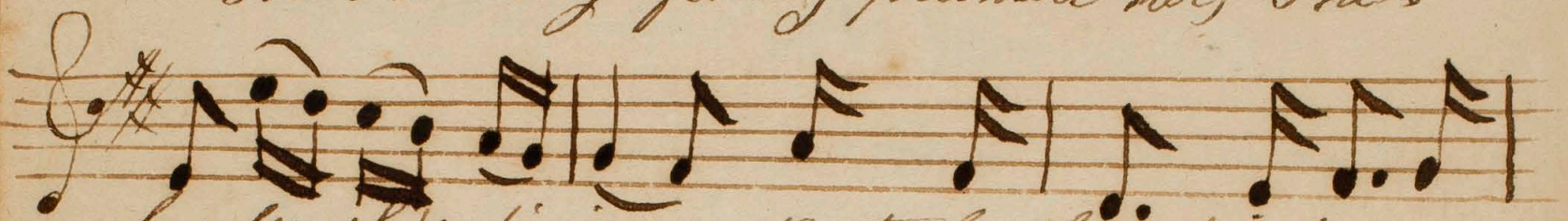
Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, featuring several notes with stems and dots.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, featuring several notes with stems and dots.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, featuring several notes with stems and dots.



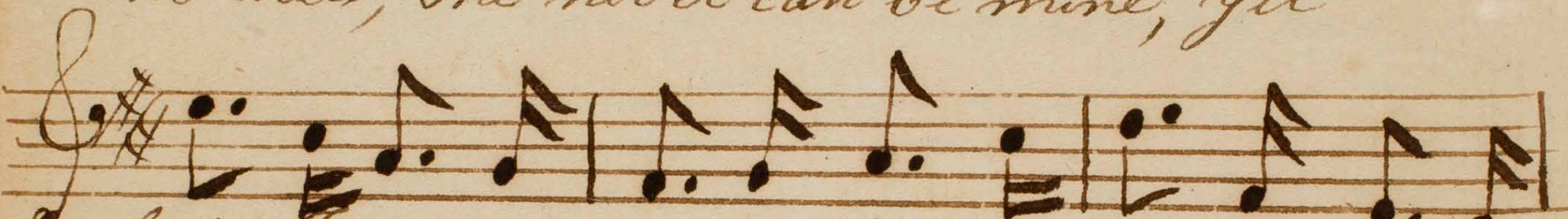
She's all my fancy painted her, She's



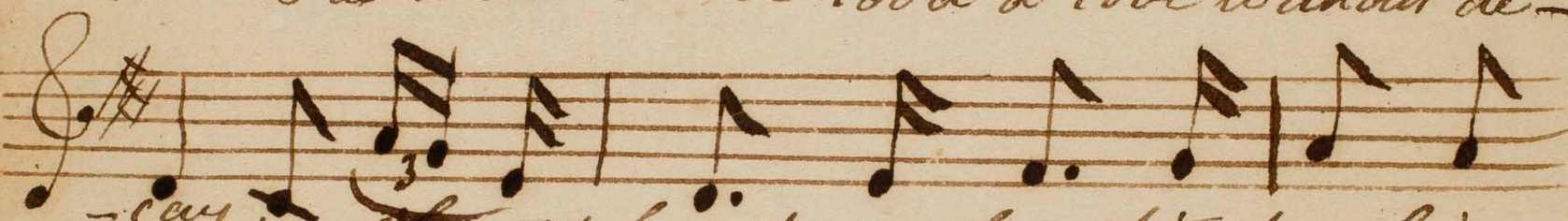
lovely she's divine, But her heart it is a



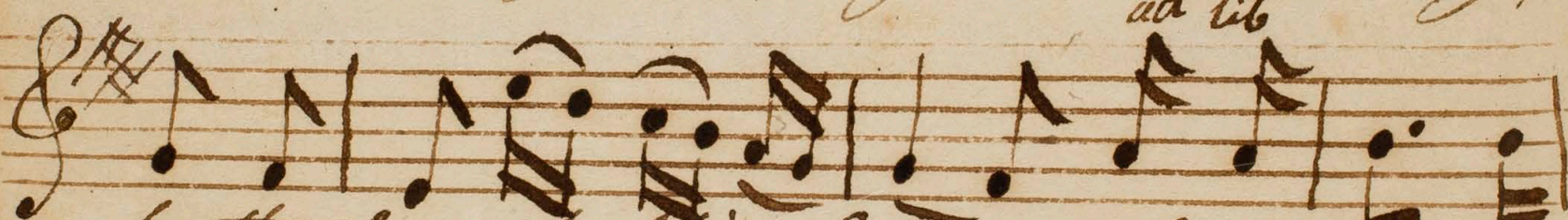
no thine, She never can be mine, Yet



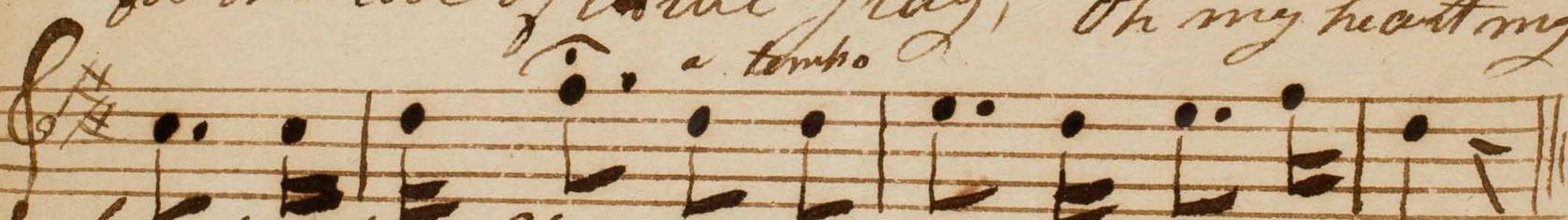
lov'd I as man never lov'd a love without de-



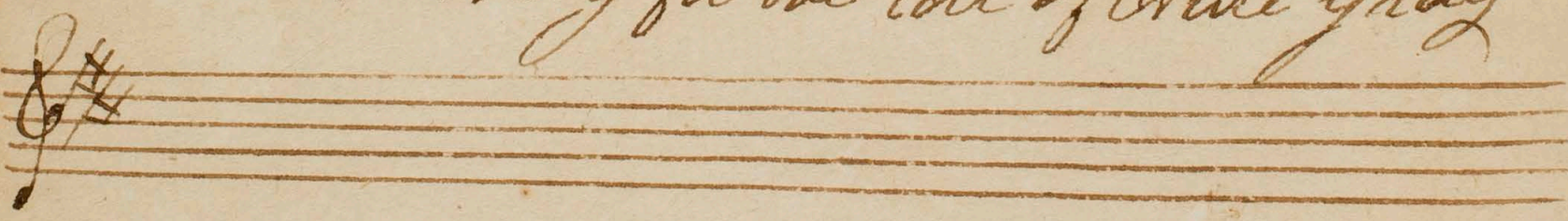
-cay, Oh my heart, my heart is breaking,



for the love of Alice Gray, Oh my heart my



heart is breaking for the love of Alice Gray



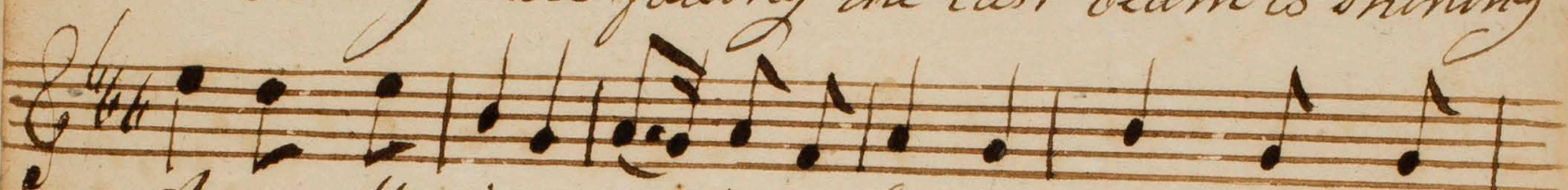
Her dark brown hair is braided, o'er a
brow of spotless white,
Her soft blue eye now languishes,
now flashes with delight,
The hair is braided not for me,
the eye is turned away,
yet my heart, my heart is breaking,
For the love of Alice Gray, yet my heart &

I've sunk beneath the summer sun,
And trembled in the blast
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
The weary conflict's past;
And when the green sod wraps my grave,
May pity haply say,
Oh his heart, his heart is broken for the love
of Alice Gray, oh his heart his heart &

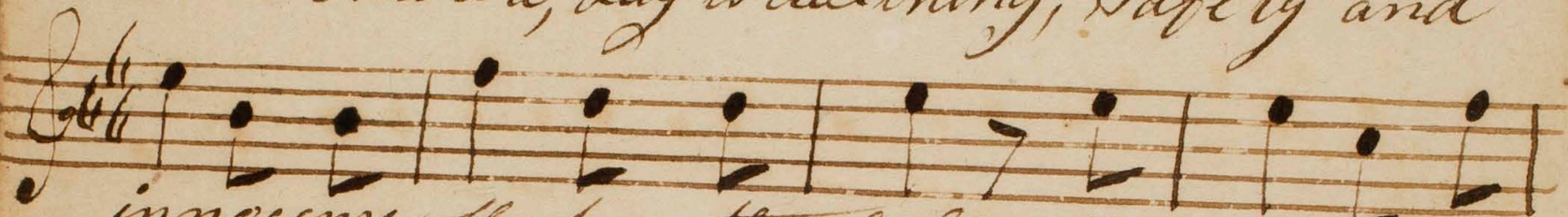
Andante con moto Fading still fading



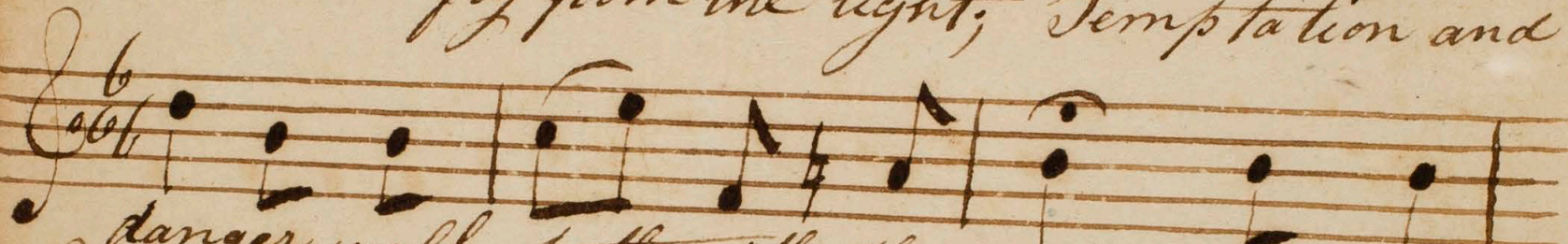
Fading still fading the last beam is shining



A-ve Maria, day is declining, Safety and



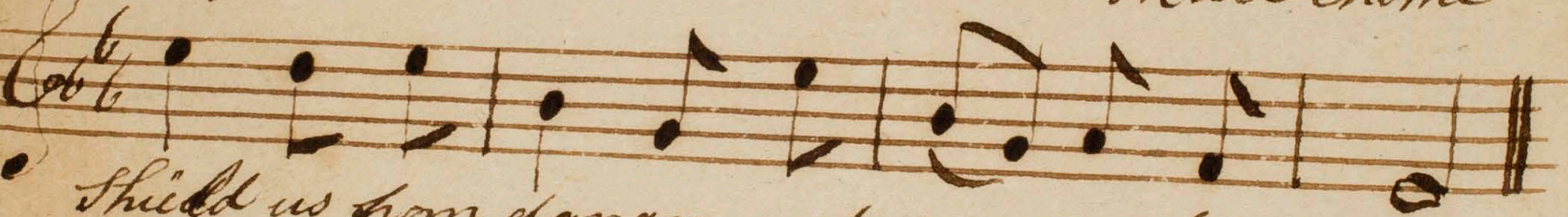
innocence fly from the light; Temptation and



danger, walk forth with the night, From the

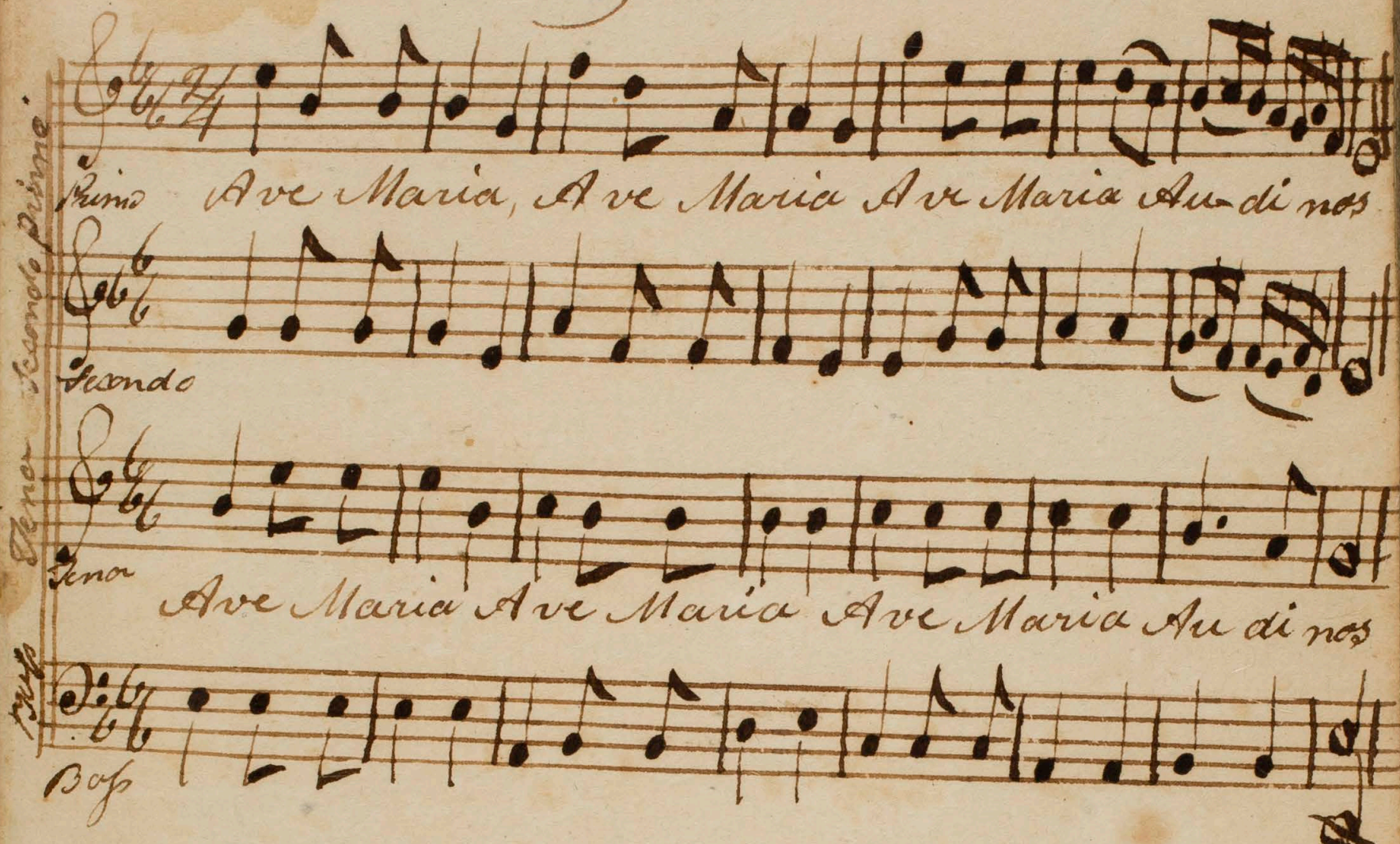


fall of the shade till the Martin shall chime



Shield us from danger and save us from crime

Chorus



 Primo Ave Maria, Ave Maria Ave Maria Au di nos

 Secondo

 Tenor Ave Maria Ave Maria Ave Maria Au di nos

 Bass

Ave Maria! Oh! hear when we call!
 Mother of him who is Saviour of all!
 Feeble and failing we trust in thy might
 In doubting and darkness thy love be our light
 Let us sleep on thy breast while the night topsa turvy
 And wake in thine arms when the morning returns
 Chorus Ave Maria Au di nos

3 Andantino, The Moonlit Bower

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The notation begins with a treble clef, a 6/8 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a repeat sign (double bar line) appearing after the first measure. The paper is aged and shows some staining.

*Nay ask me not, the moonlit bow'r of
 Love is not for me, Nor hath my lyre the magic*

pow'r To wake such lays for thee, For joyance

never ^{never more} ~~more~~ Will sweep across its strings, Its

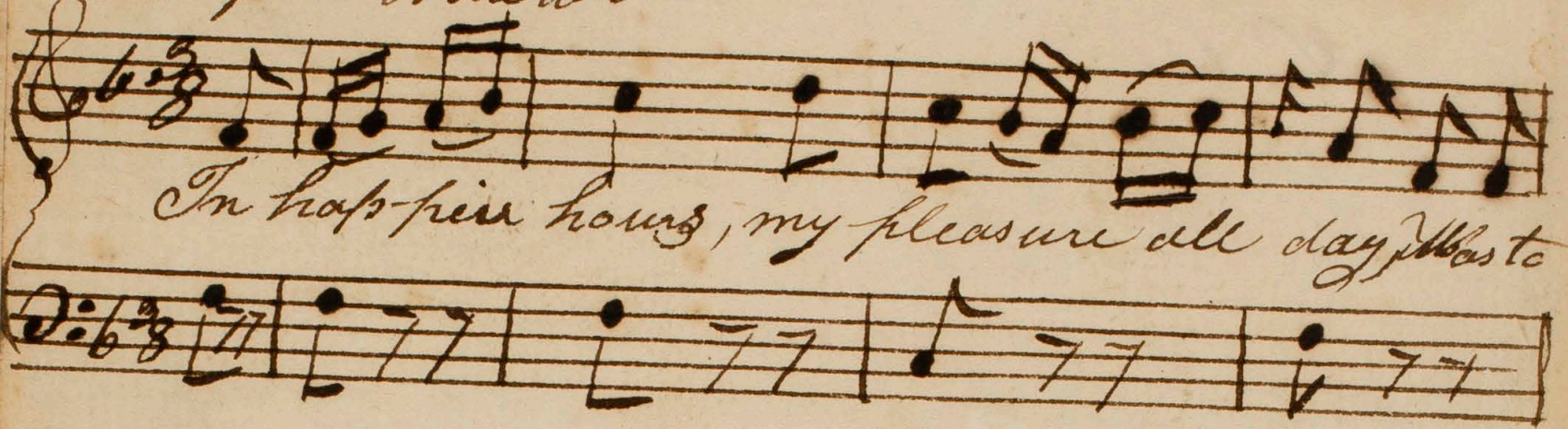
melodies are shadow'd o'er by sorrow's raven

Nor bid me sing, for why should I,
 On themes of sadness dwell,
 To call the tear drop to thine eye
 Or cause thy breast to swell
 With feelings that would badly suit
 A heart so young as thine?
 Oh! let me die ere I pollute
 With grief that bosom's shrine.

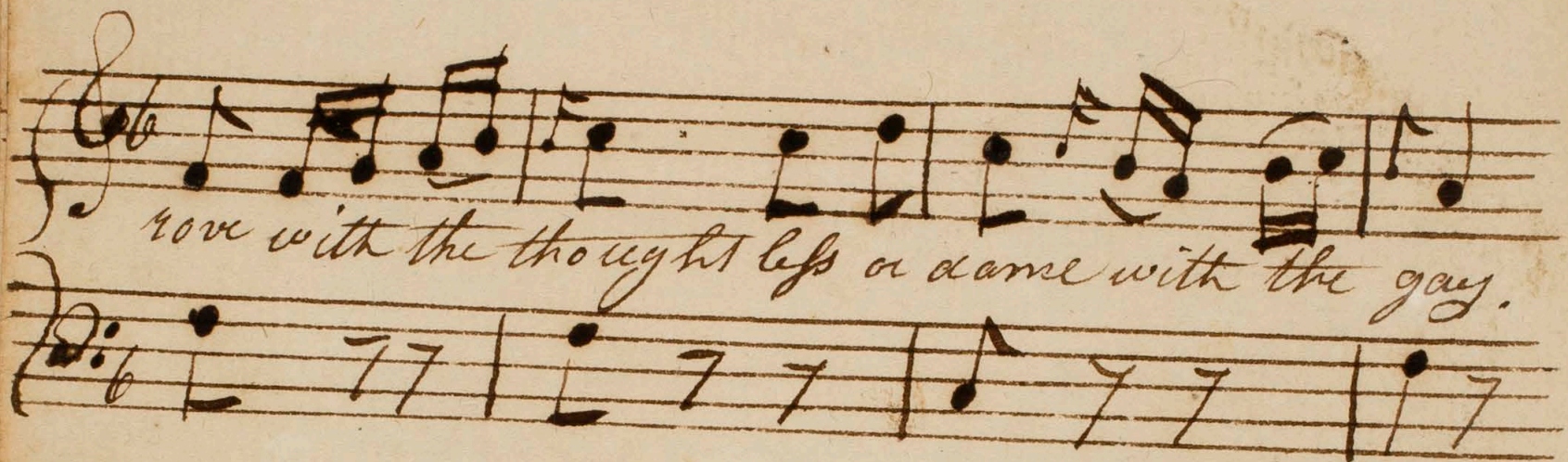
32

The grave will soon, the happy grave
 Will soon enshroud this form,
 Which like the ocean's temulous wave
 Hath often felt a storm,
 And in some lone deserted spot,
 My resting place shall be,
 By native hill and stream forgot,
 Perhaps by all but thee.

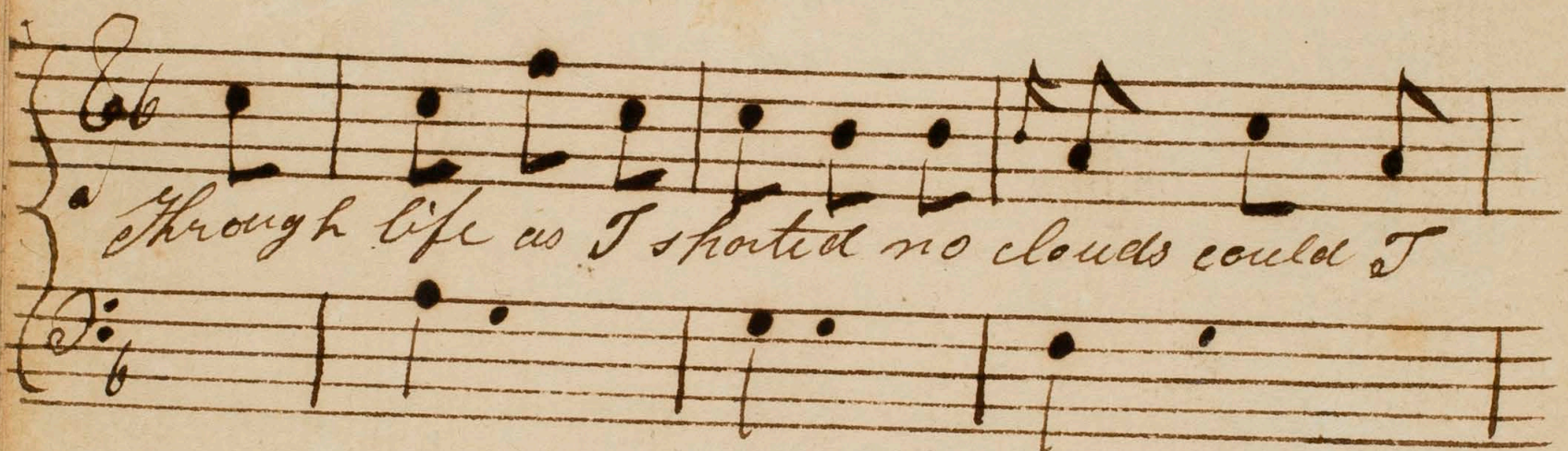
Allegretto Moderato



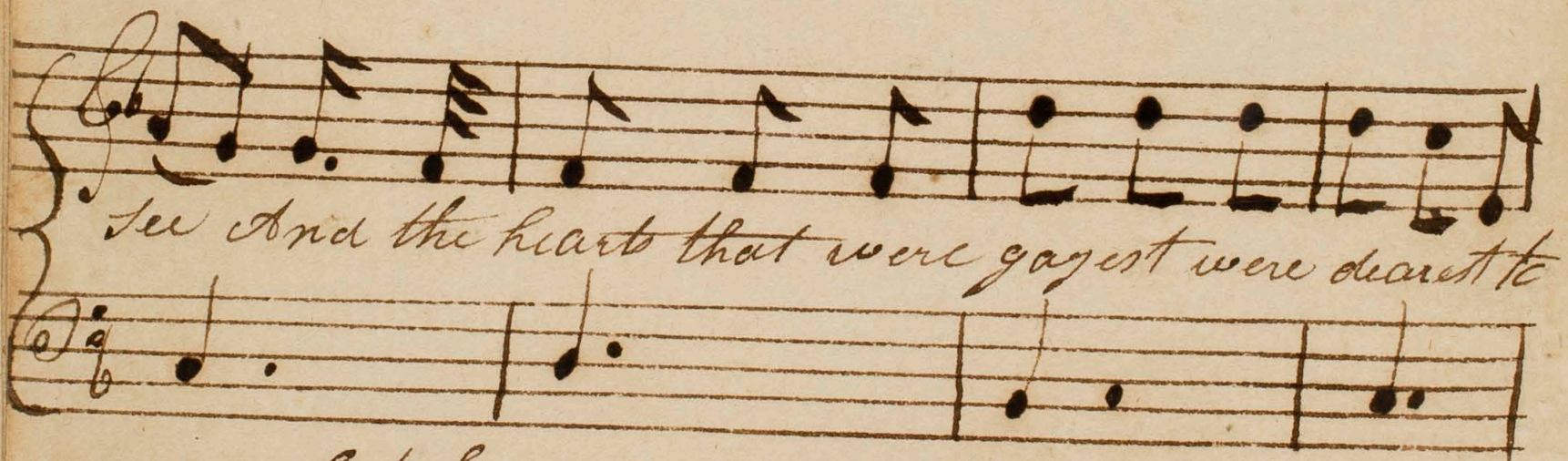
In hap-pier hours, my pleasure all day, I waste



rove with the thought less or dance with the gay.

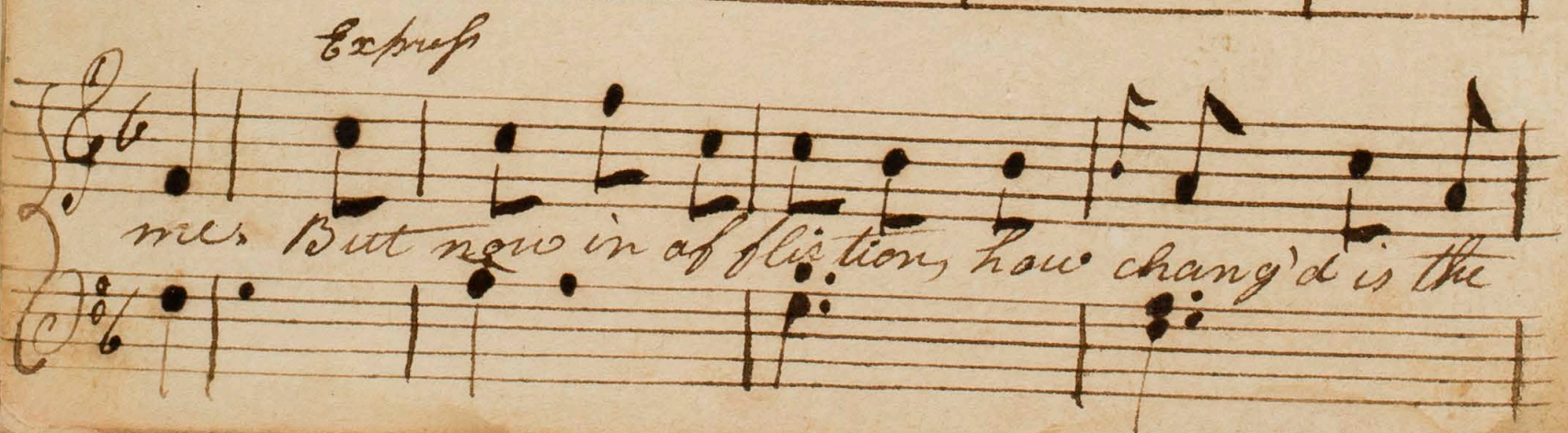


Through life as I shored no clouds could I

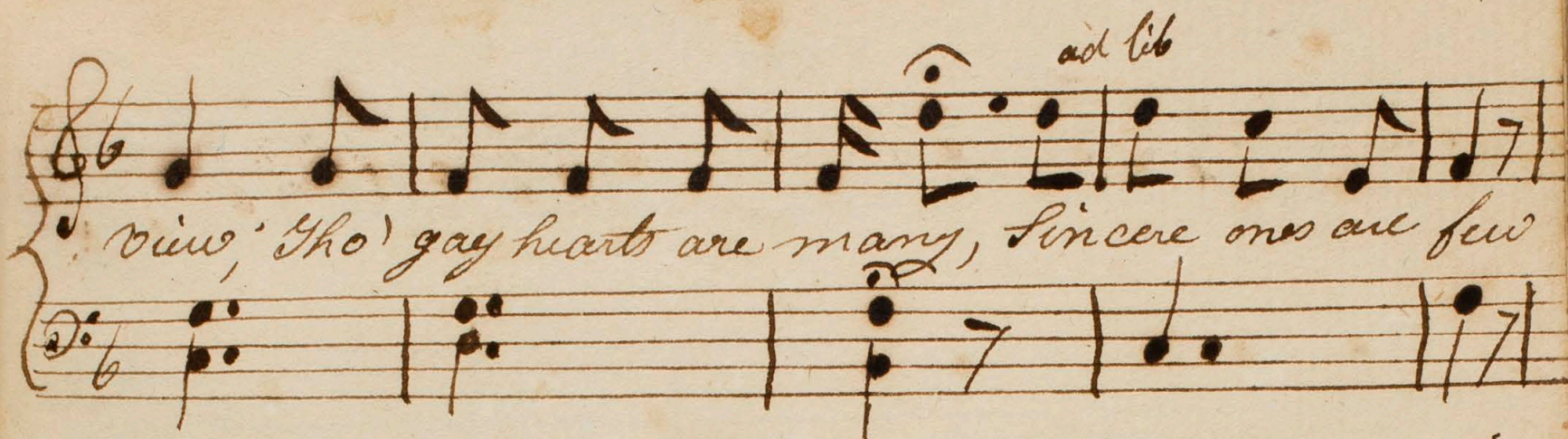


See And the hearts that were gayest were dearest to

Express

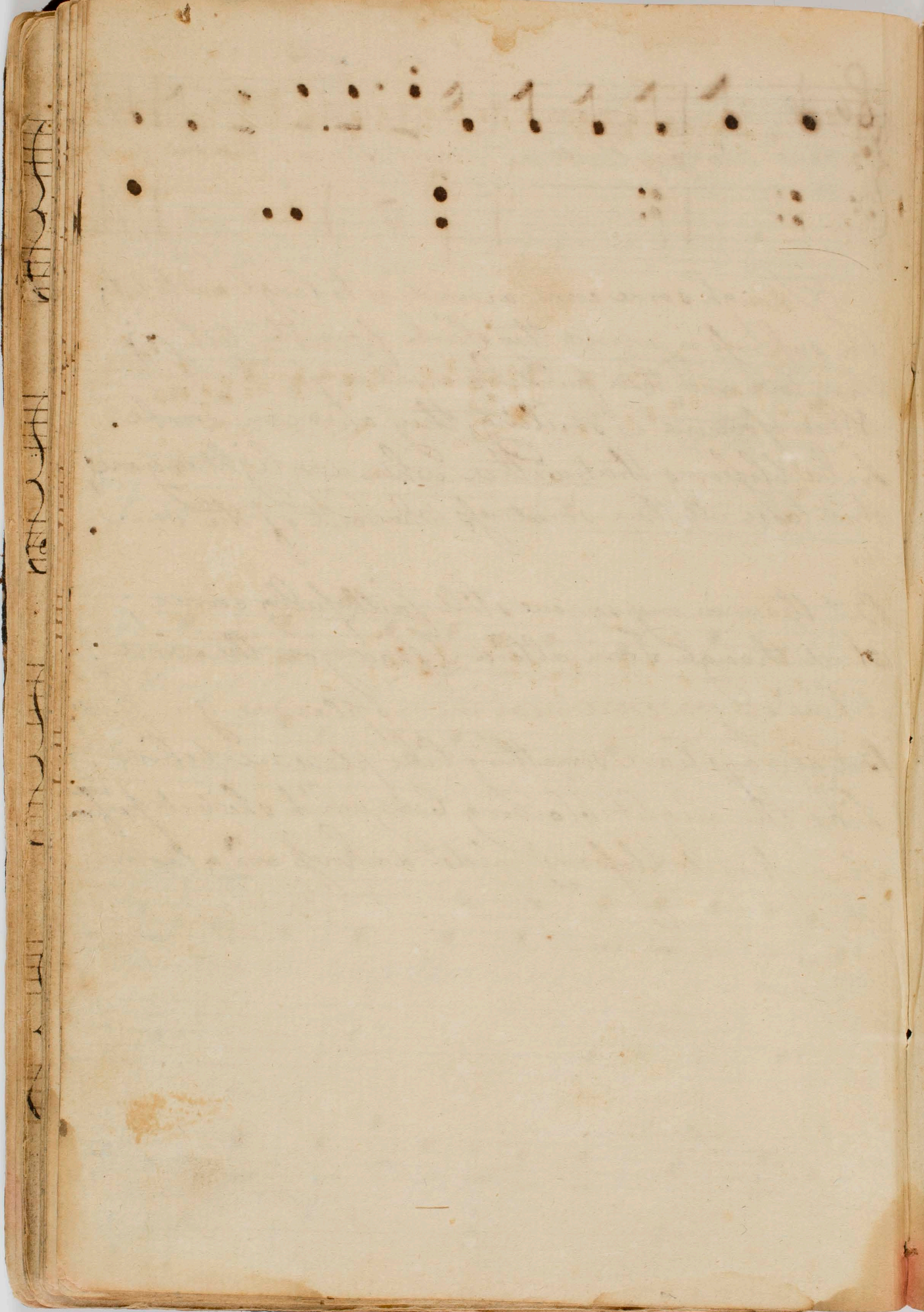


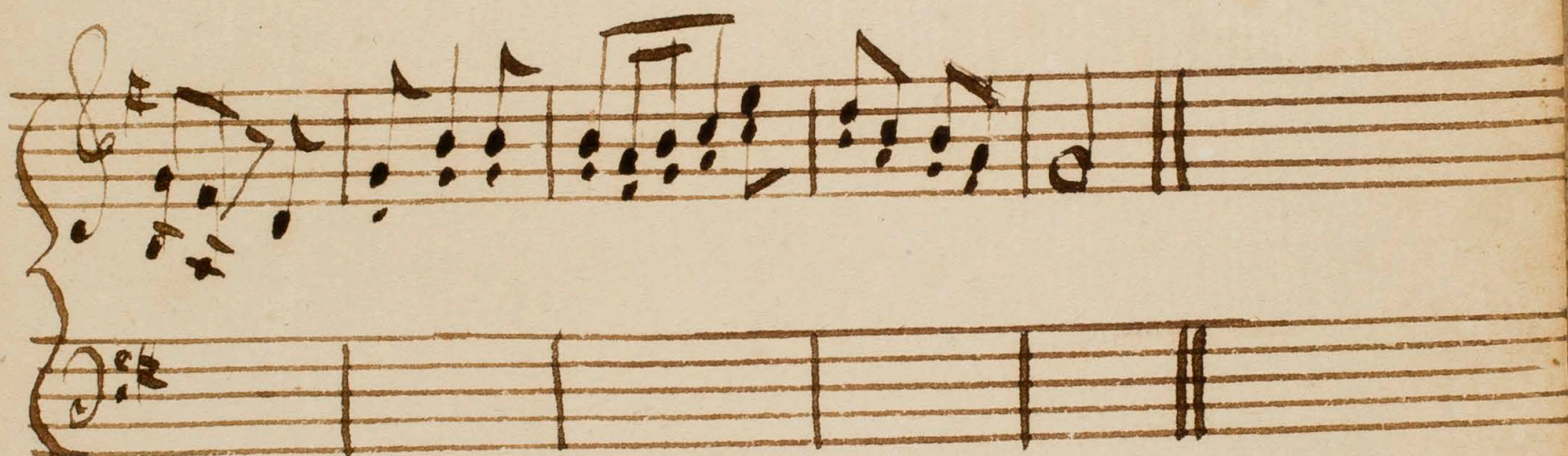
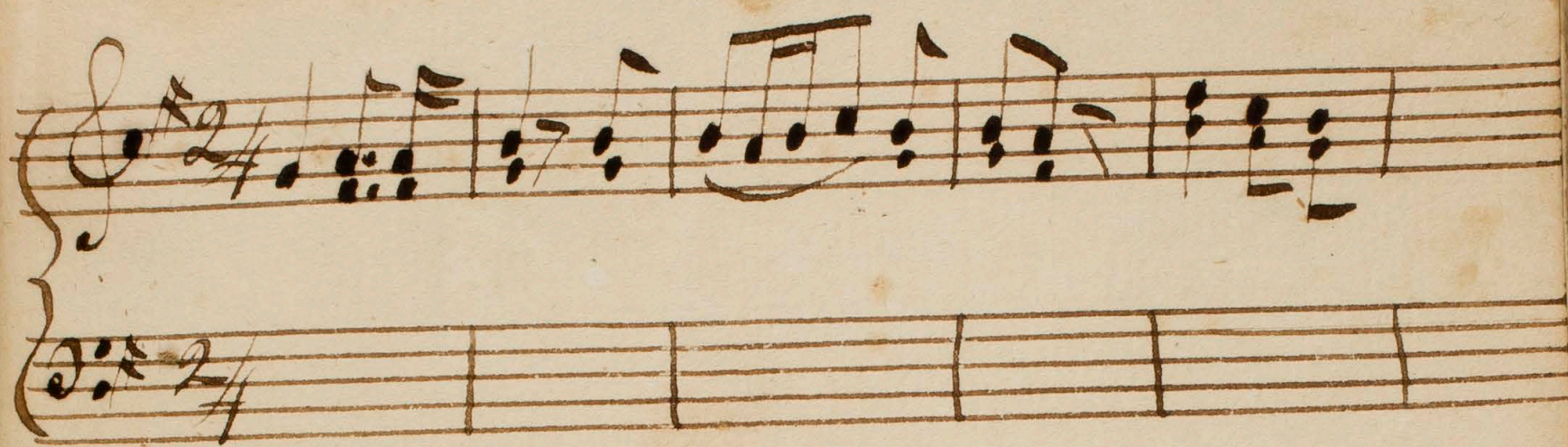
me. But now in affliction, how chang'd is the



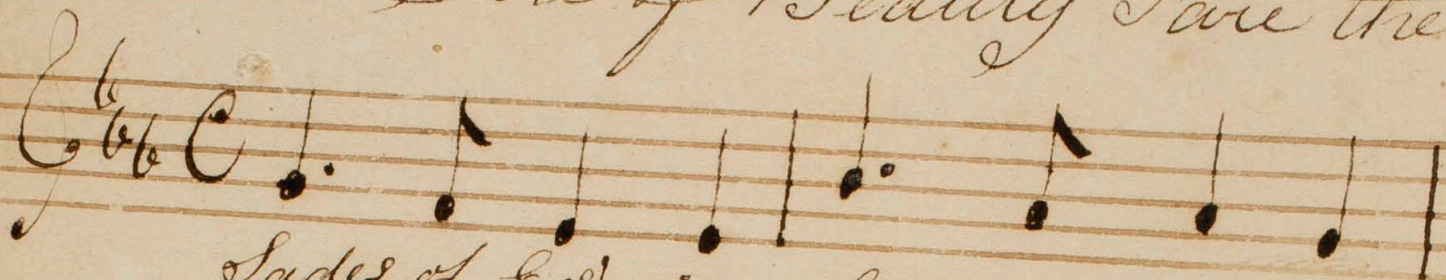
Though some come around us to laugh and to jest;
In sickness or sorrow they shrink from the test;
Their love and their friendship endure for a while
When fortune is smiling, they also can smile.
Like blossoms that wither when day light is gone;
And lose all their sweetness when out of the sun.

But thou in my sorrow still faithfully came,
And though I am alter'd I find you the same:
When'er you come near me no pleasure you find;
But always leave something like pleasure behind.
Like the night blowing Ceris, which sheds its perfume
And opens its blossoms midst darkness and gloom

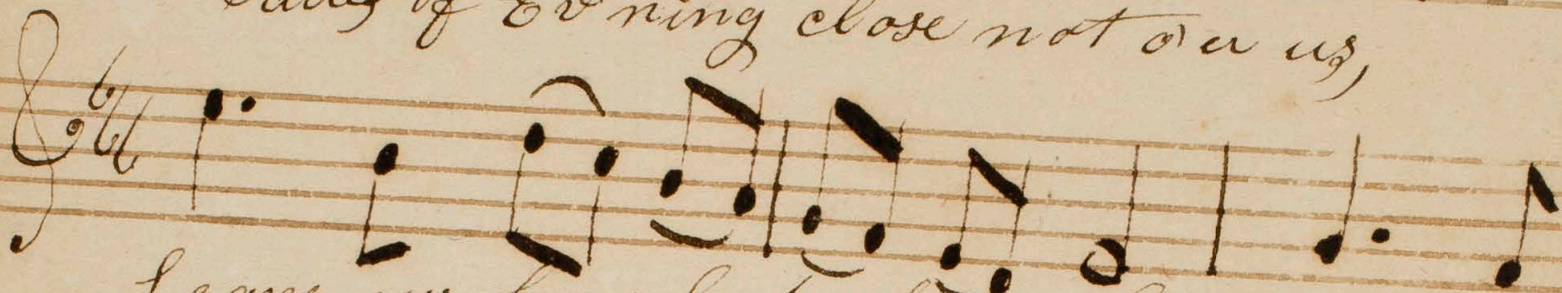




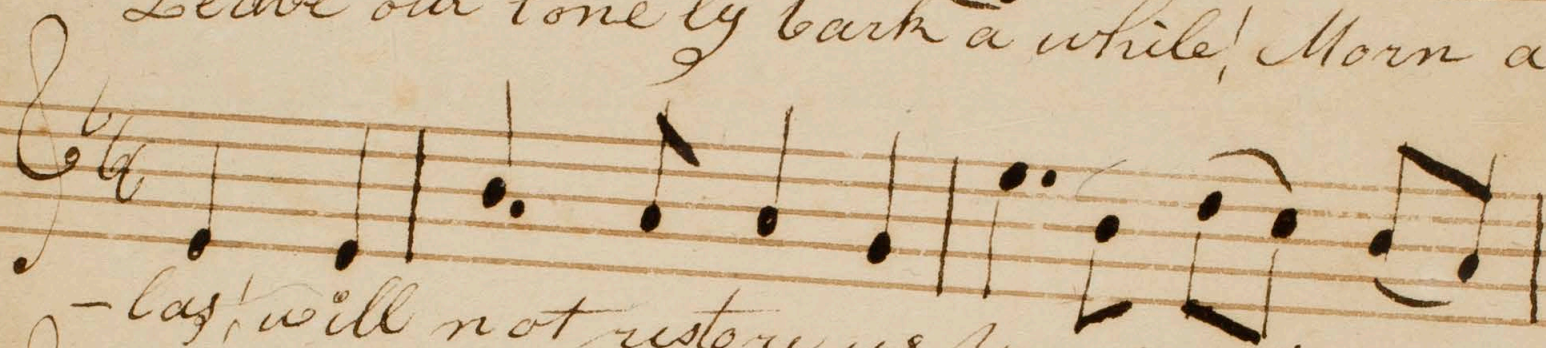
Isle of Beauty Fare thee well



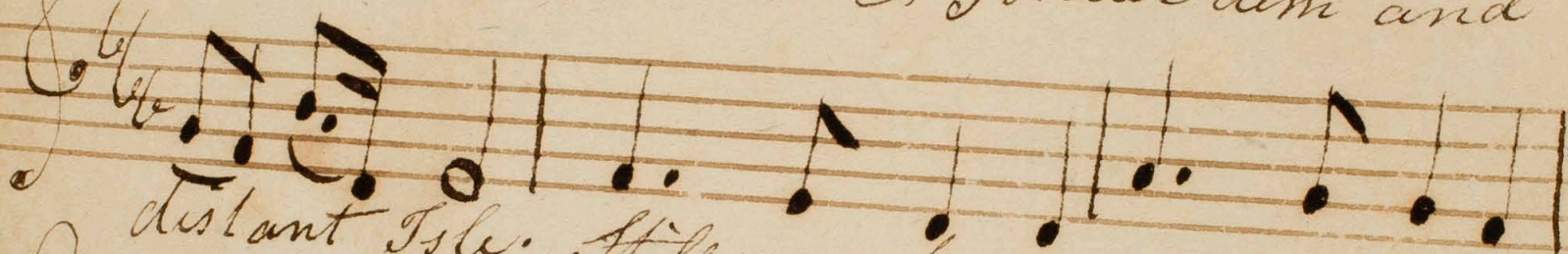
Sadness of Evening close not on us,



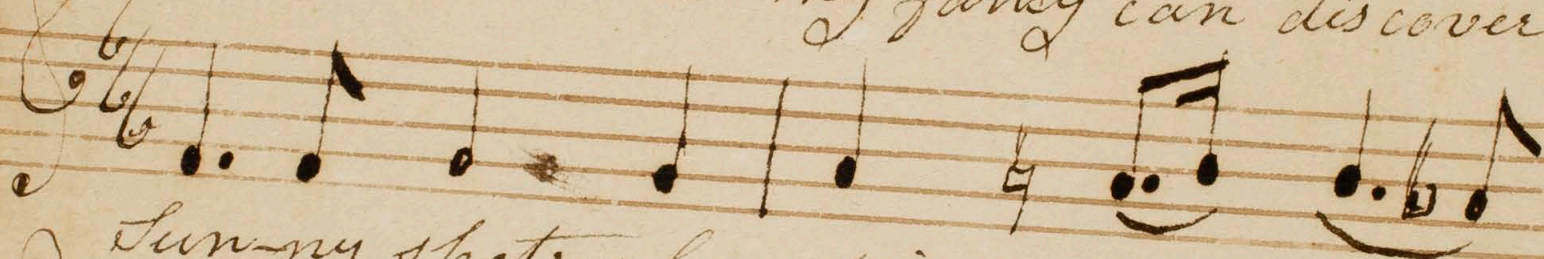
Leave our lonely bark a while! Morn a-



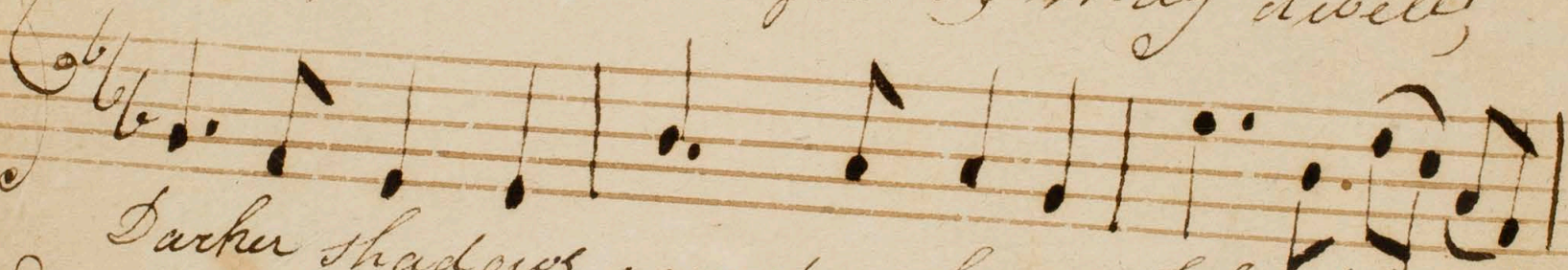
-las! will not restore us, Yonder dim and



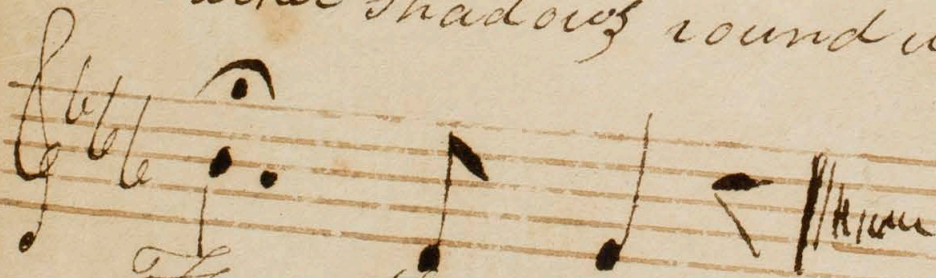
distant Isle: Still my fancy can discover



Sunny spots where friends may dwell;



Darker shadows round us hover, Isle of beauty!



Fare thee well

'Tis the hour when happy faces,
Smile around the taper's light;
Who will find our vacant places?

Who will sing our songs to night?

Thro' the mist that floats above us,

Faintly sounds the Vesper bell,

Like a voice from those who love us,

^{ray} Breathing fondly fare thee well

3

When the waves are round me breaking,

As I pace the deck alone,

And my eye in vain is seeking

Some green leaf to rest upon;

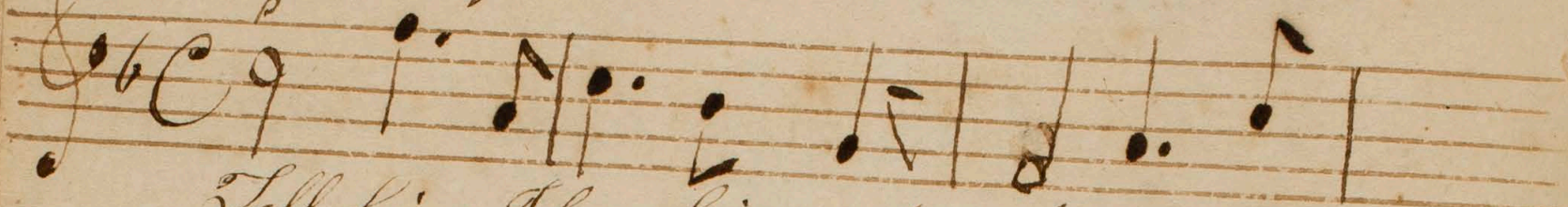
What would I not give to wander

Where my old companions dwell?

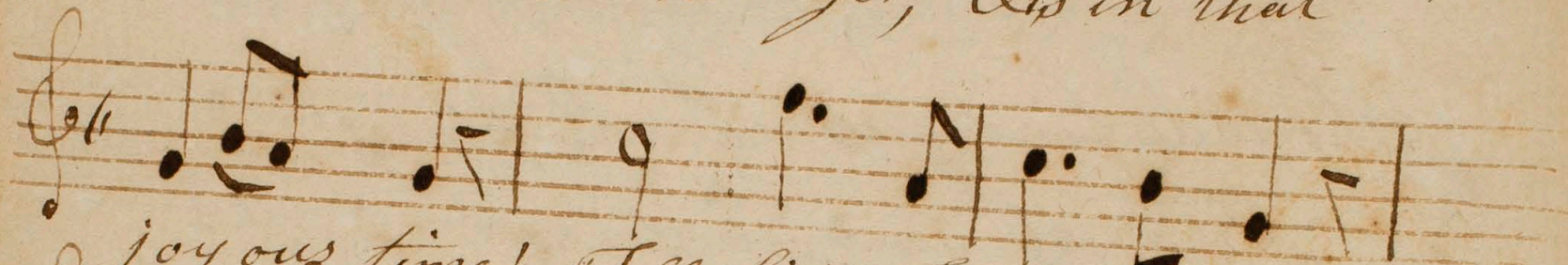
Absence makes the heart grow fonder

Isle of Beauty Fare thee well!

Andante Espression



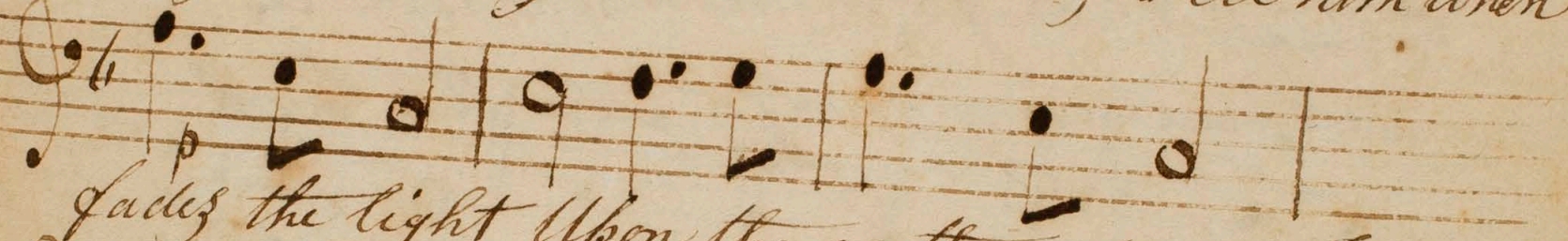
Tell him I love him yet, As in that



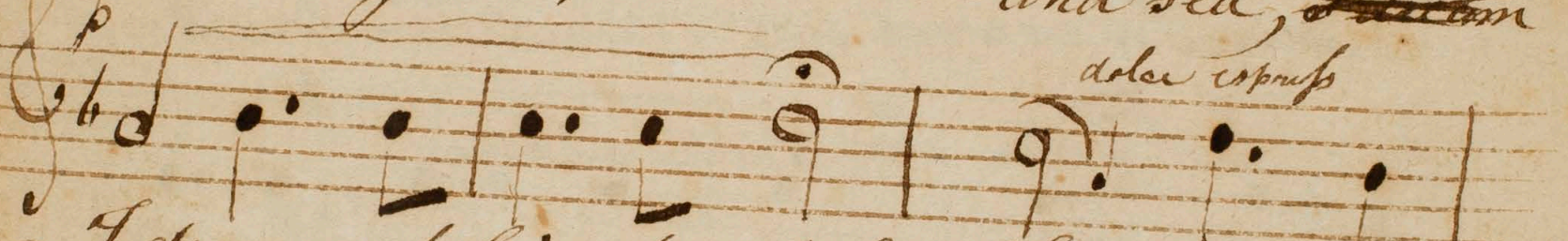
joyous time! Tell him I never forget;



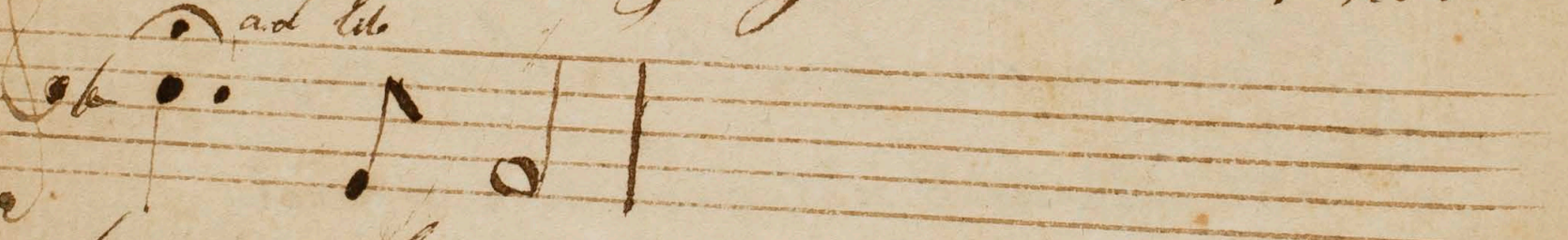
Though morn'g now be crime; Tell him when



fades the light Upon the earth and sea, ~~I dream~~



ad lib.
I dream of him by night - He must not

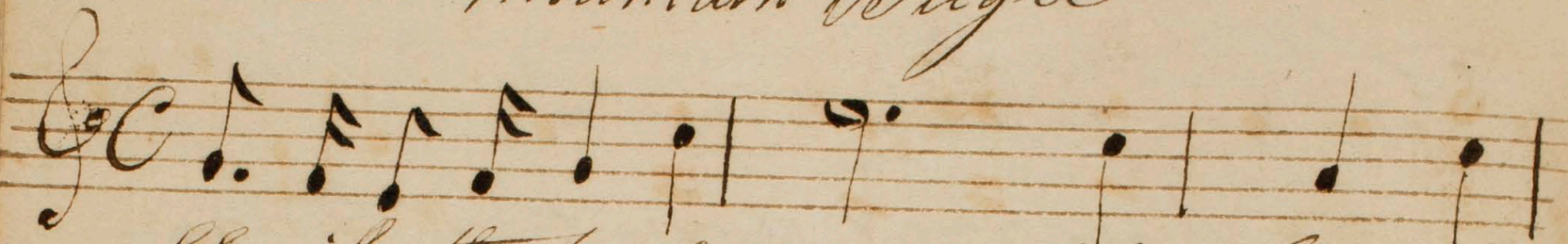


ad lib.
dream of me

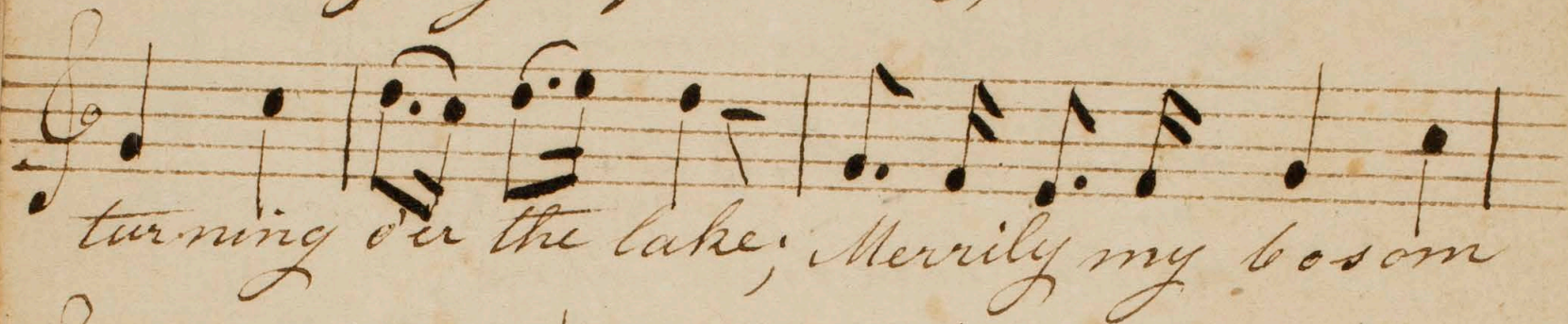
Tell him to smile again
 In pleasure's dizzy ring—
 To wear another's chain,
 To praise another's song;
 Before the loveliest there,
 I'd have him bend the knee,
 And breathe to her the prayer
 He used to breathe to me!

Tell him, that day by day,
 Life looks to me more dim—
 I fatter when I pray,
 Although I pray for him.
 And bid him when I die,
 Come to my far'rite tree—
 I shall not hear him sigh—
 There let him sigh for me!

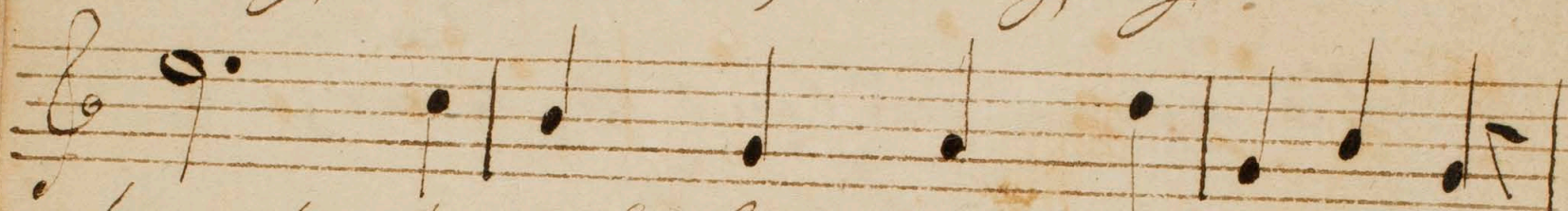
The Mountain Bugle



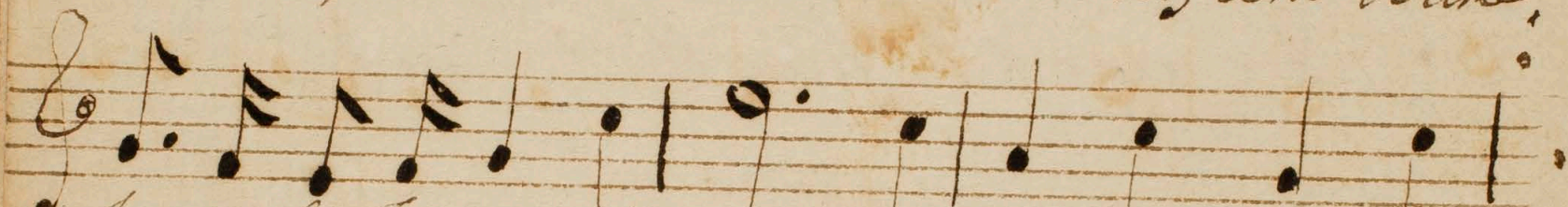
Cheerily thy bugle sounds, When home re-



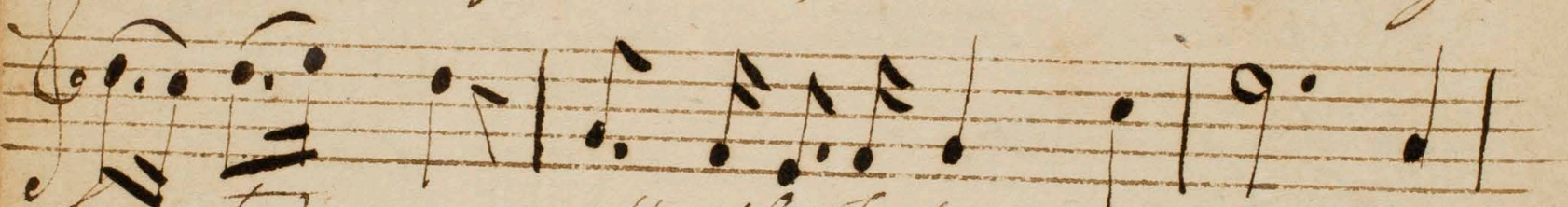
turning o'er the lake; Merrily my bosom



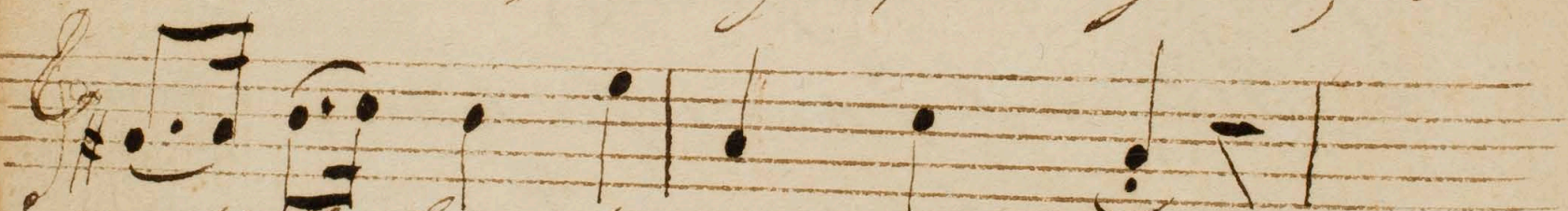
bounds, As each clear swell bids echo wake.



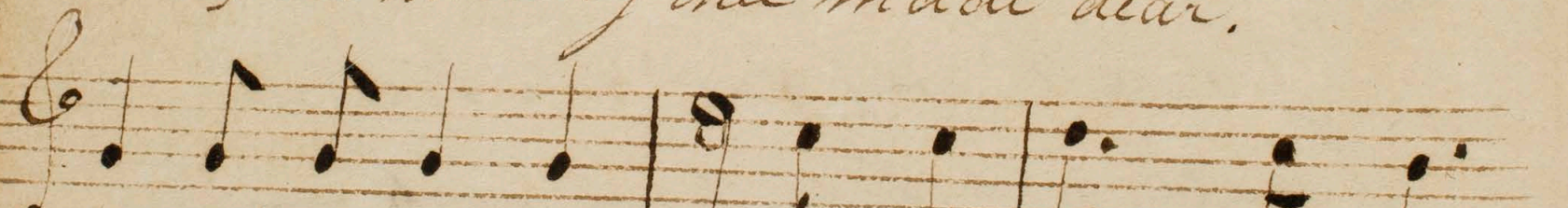
Joyously I wing the note, To tell thee that thy



hunter's near; Merrily I sped my boat, To-



wards the home by thee made dear.



Dearest, for thee, thee only, These mountain wilds

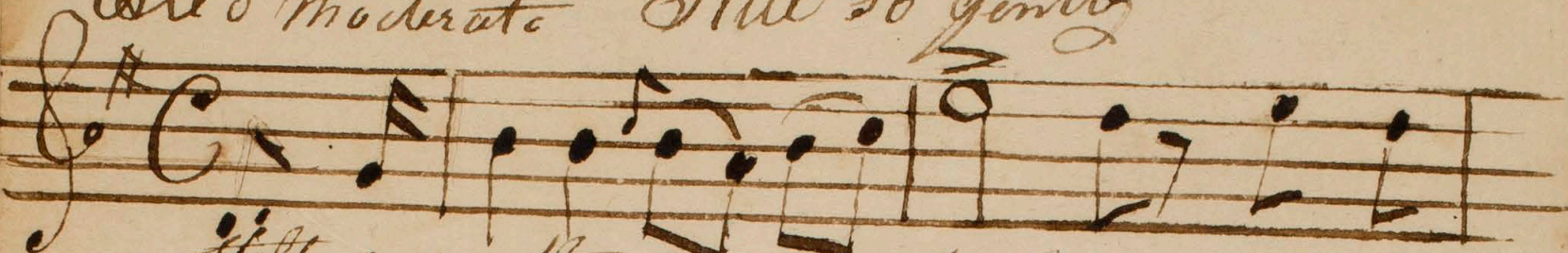


are sweet to me; Each crag and valley

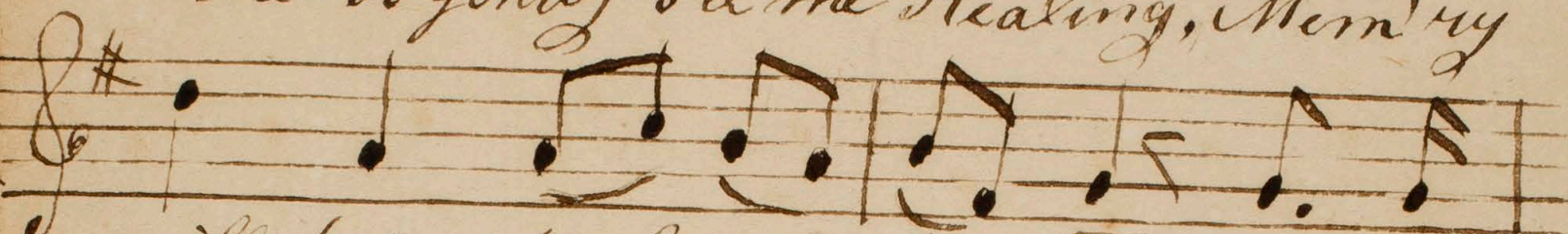
lonely, is blest because 'tis lov'd by thee ^{ad lib}
Tempo
 Sound, sound, sound, sound the
 merry, merry mountain horn, At
 evening's close and morning's rosy dawn.

Fearlessly thy footsteps roam,
 Where snows hang on the dizzy steep;
 Driving from its rocky home
 The echo of the hollow deep.
 Merrily the wild stag bounds
 Until he feels the hunter's spear;
 Cheerily the glen resounds,
 With choruses and the hunter's cheer.
 Dearest, for thee &c.

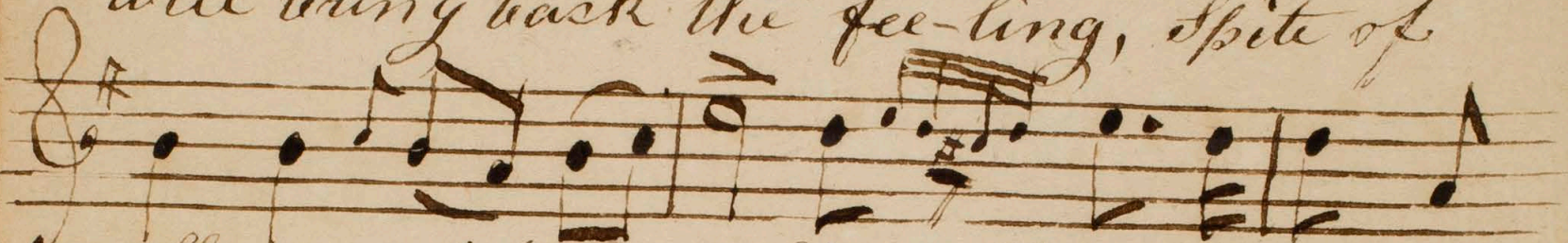
Allo Moderato Still so gently



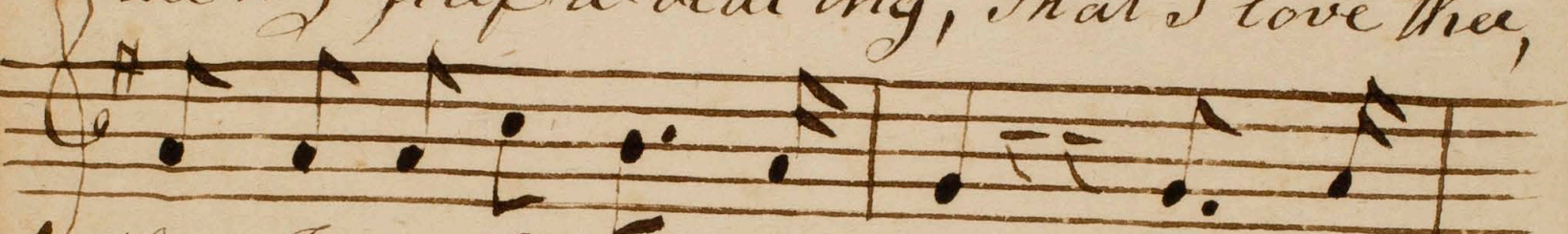
Still so gently o'er me stealing, Mem'ry



will bring back the fee-ling, Spite of



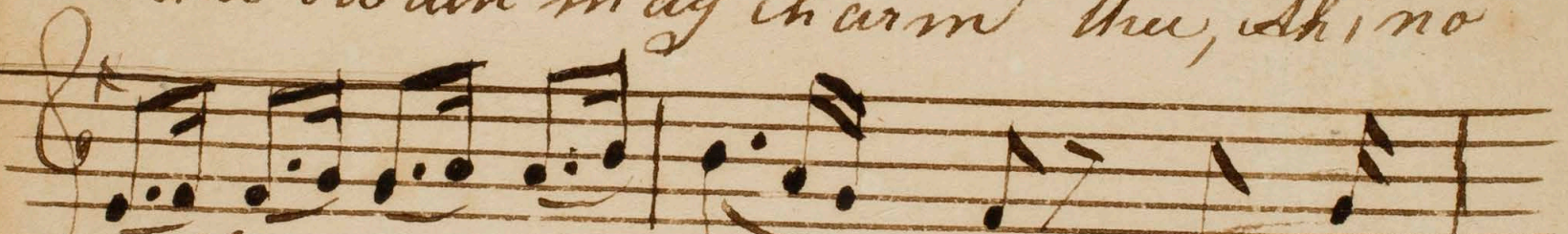
all my grief re-veal-ing, That I love thee,



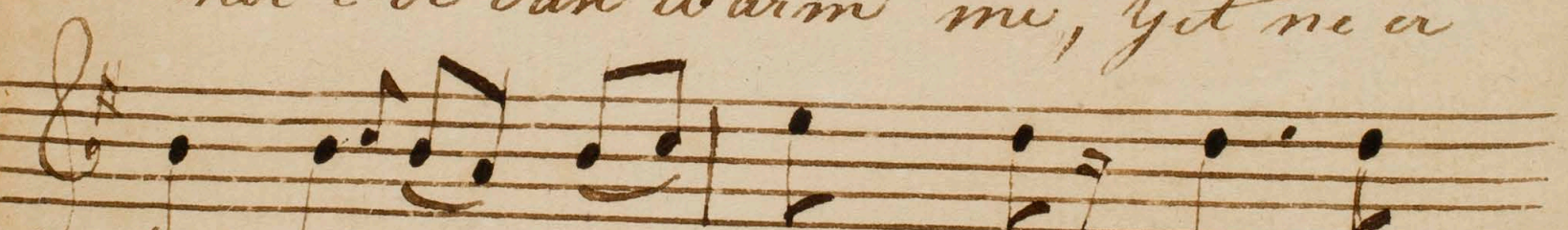
that I dearly love thee still. Tho' some



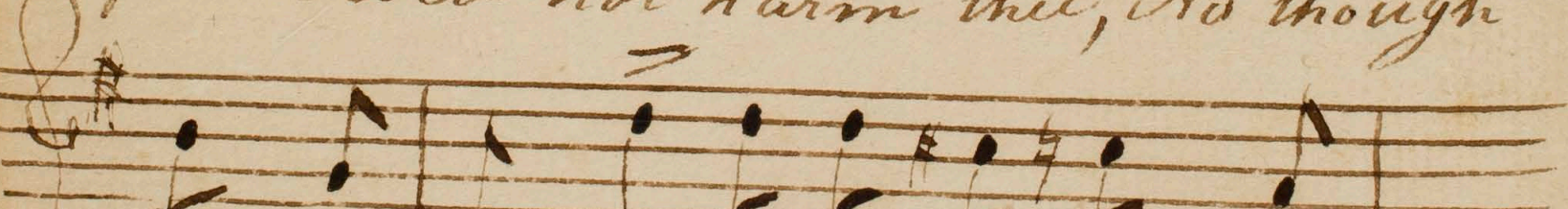
other Swain may charm thee, Ah no



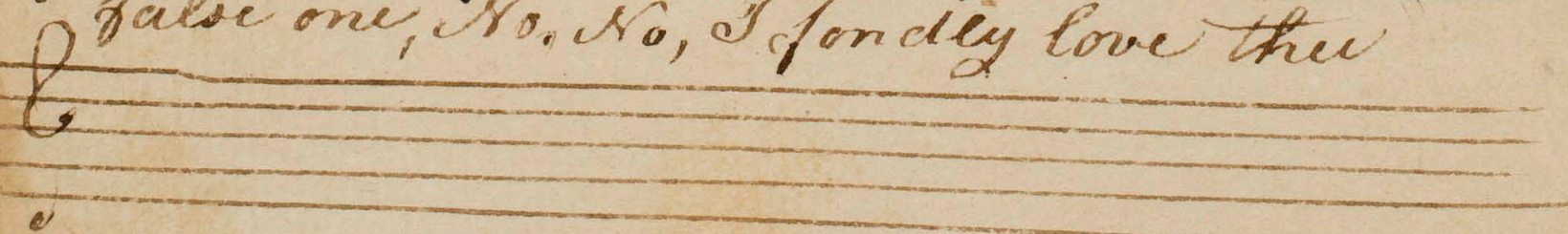
o-ther e'er can warm me, Yet ne'er



fear. I will not harm thee, No though



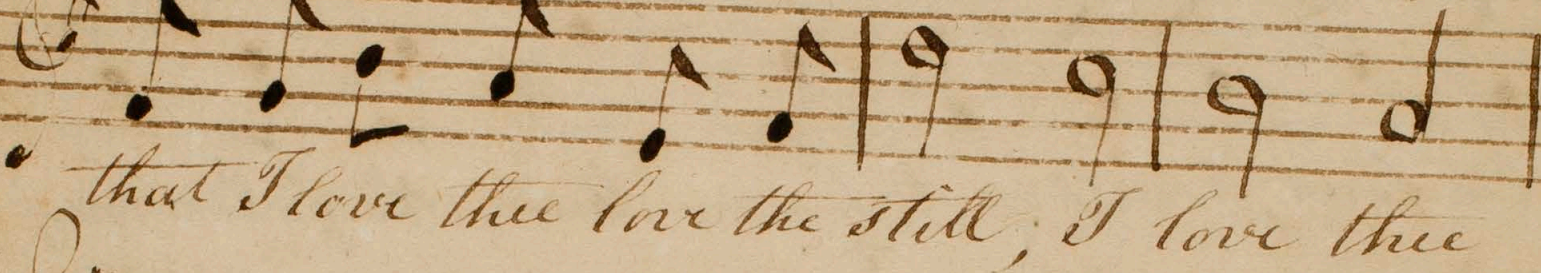
False one, No, No, I fondly love thee



Still, Ah! near fear, I will not harm thee
near fear, I will not harm thee, No false one,
No, I love thee, I love, ~~thine~~ the false one
Still *P* still so gently o'er me stealing,
Memory will bring back the feeling spite
Of all my grief revealing, That I love
thee love thee still still so gently o'er me
Healing, Memory will bring back the



feeling spite of all my grief revealing



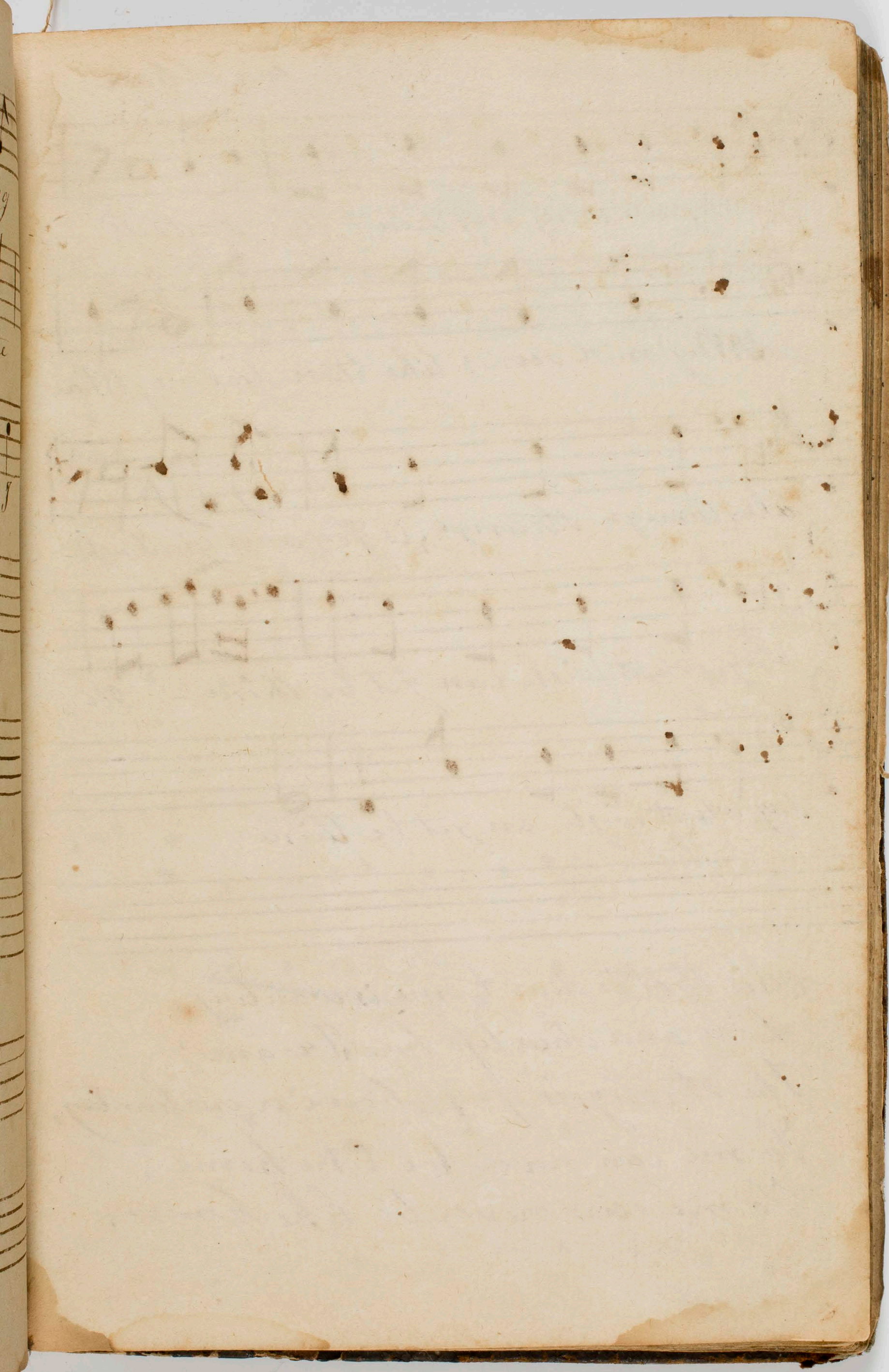
that I love thee love thee still, I love thee



still I love thee still, I love thee still, I



love thee still, I love thee still.

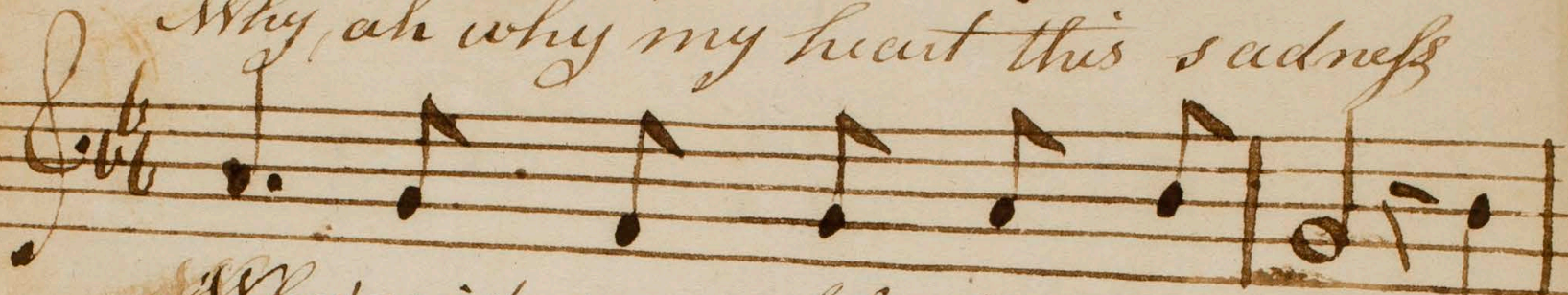


Andante Espressivo

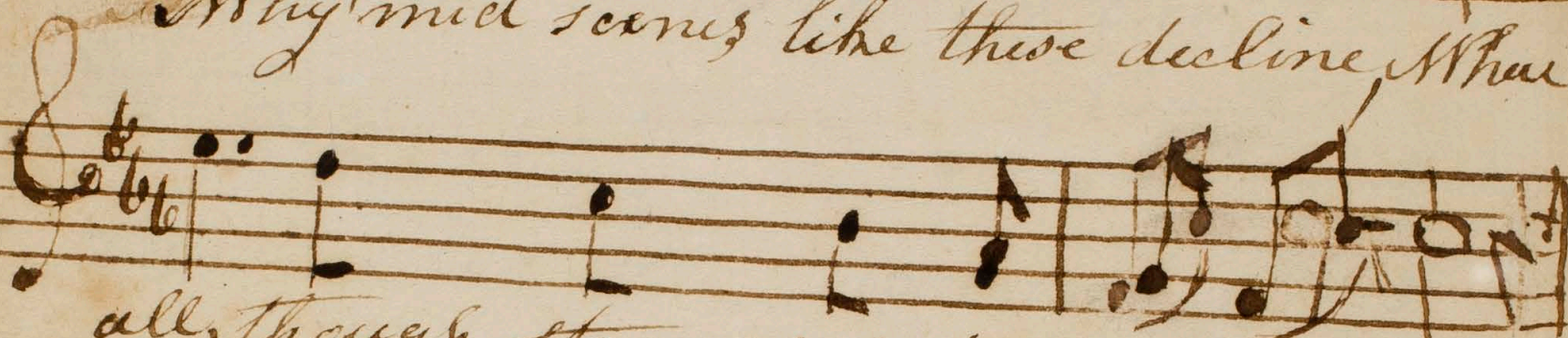
Sartzes song of home



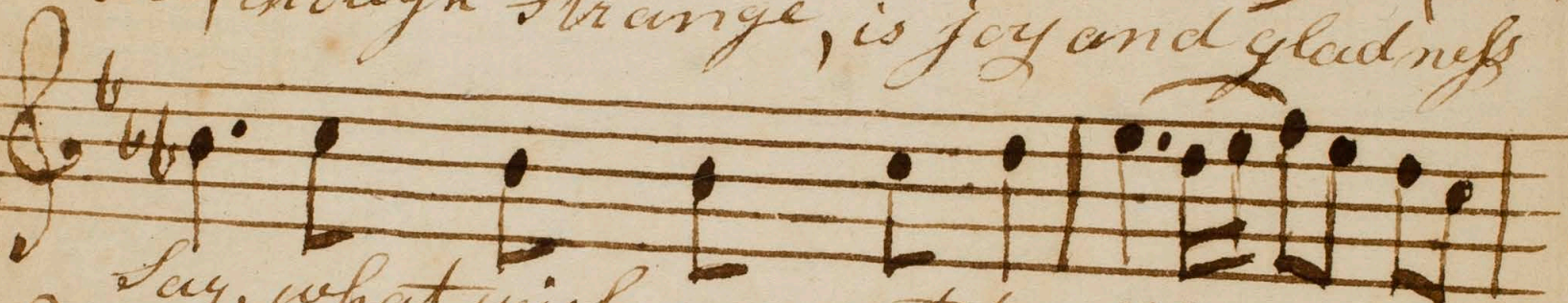
Why, ah why my heart this sadness



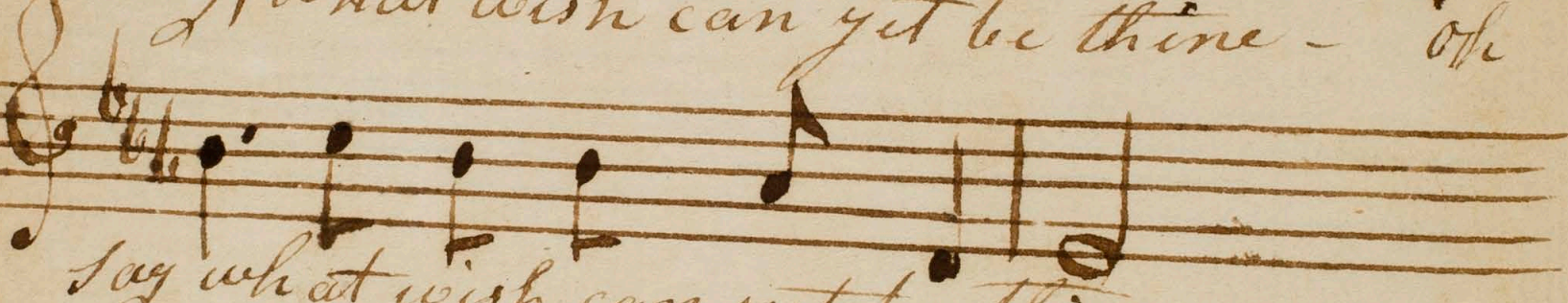
Why! mid scenes like these decline, What



all, though strange, is joy and gladness



Say, what wish can yet be thine - Oh



Say what wish can yet be thine

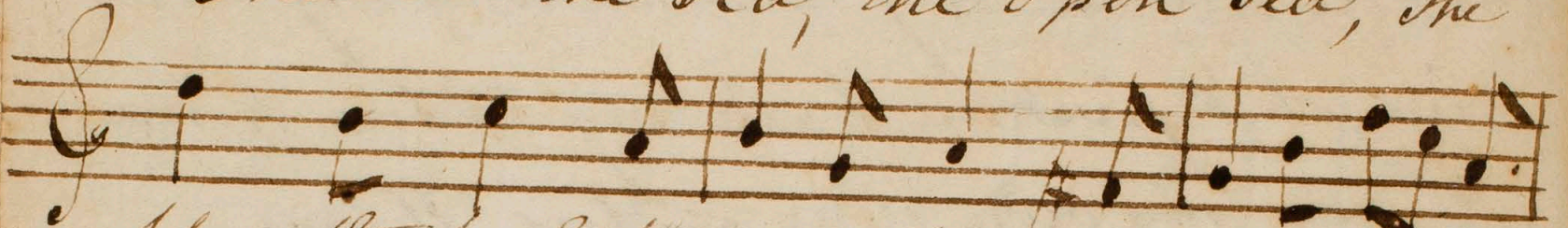
All that is dear to me is wanting,
Lone and cheerless here I roam;
The stranger's joys, howe'er enchanting,
To me can never be like home,
To me can never be like home.

Give me then I ask no other
Those that bless the humble dome,
Where dwell my Father and my Mother,
Give, oh I give me back my native home,
My own, my own dear native Home.

Alligro The Sea, the sea



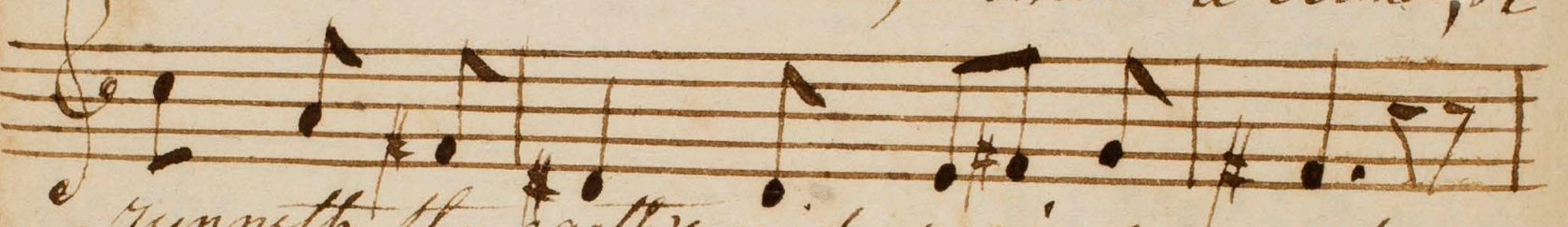
The sea the sea, the open sea, The



blue, the fresh, the ever free, the ever



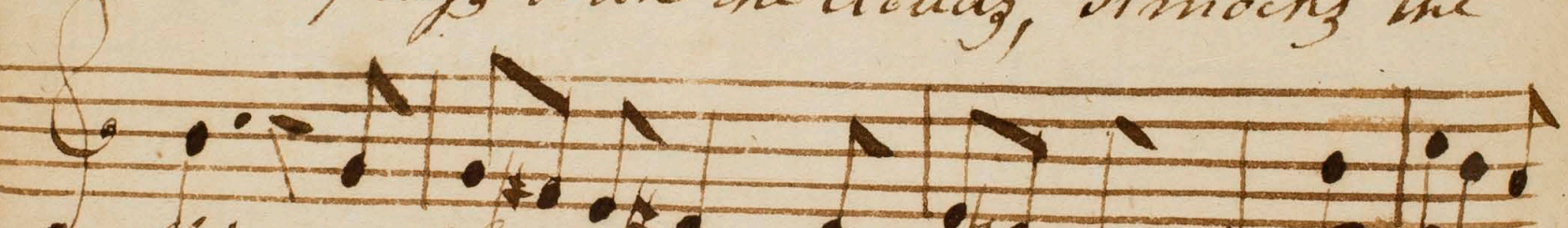
free without a mark, without a bound, It



runneth the earth's wide regions round



It plays with the clouds, It mocks the



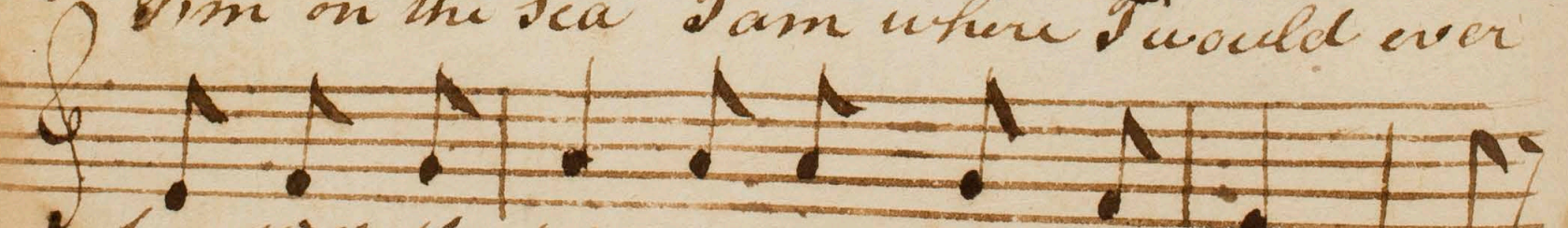
ship, or like a cradled creature lies or like a



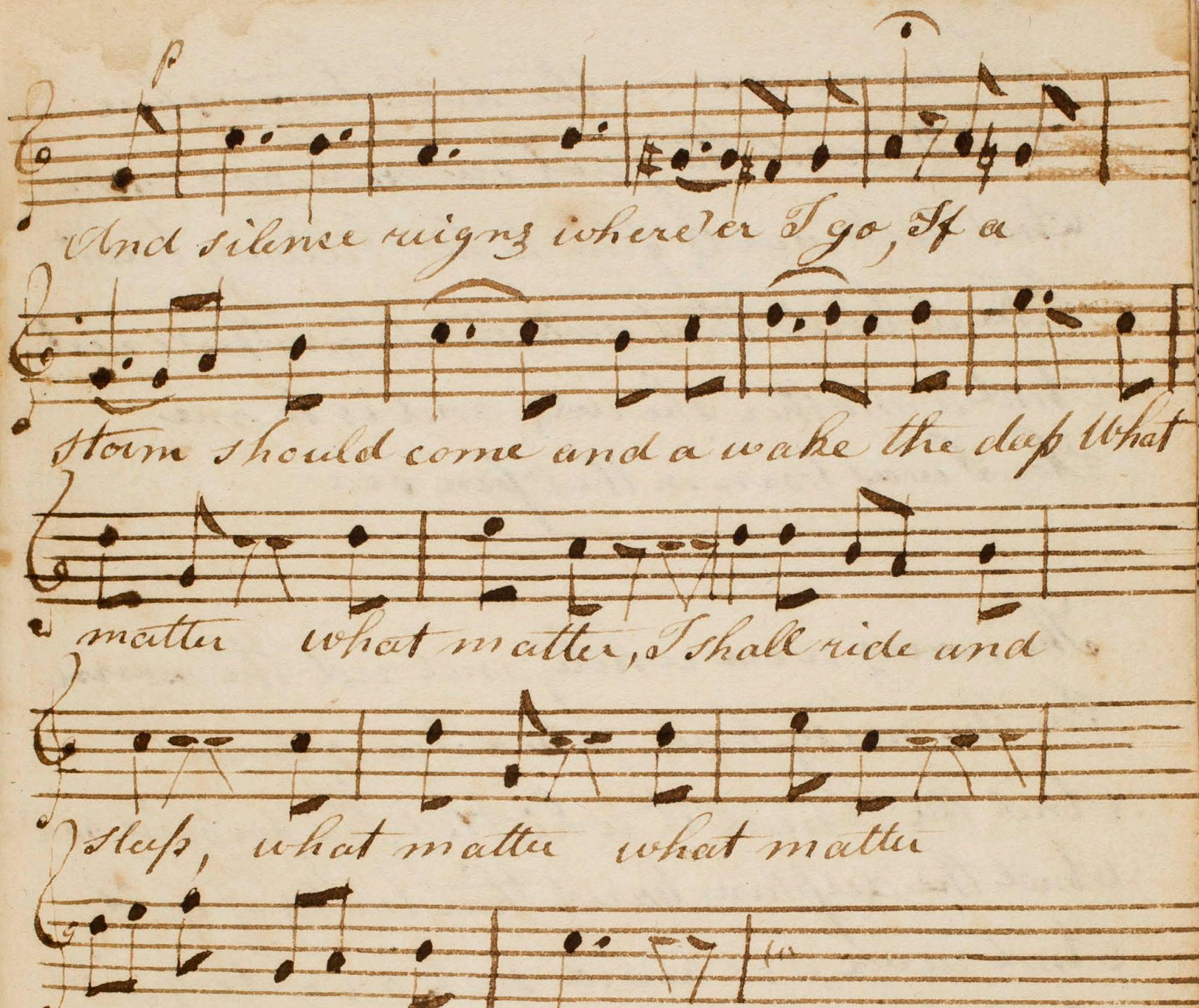
cradled creature lies I'm on the sea



I'm on the sea I am where I would ever



be, With the blue above, and the blue below



And silence reigns wherever I go, If a
storm should come and awake the deep What
matter what matter, I shall ride and
sleep, what matter what matter
I shall ride and sleep

I love, O how I love to ride
on the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south west blast doth blow

I never was on the dull tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more
And backwards flew to her billowy breast
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest
And a mother she was and is to me
For I was born on the open sea

The waves were white, and red the morn
In the noisy hour when I was born
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcome to life the Ocean child

I have lived, since then, in calm and strife
Full fifty summers a rover's life
With wealth to spend, and a power to range
But never have sought or sighed for a change
And Death, whenever he come to me
Shall come on the wide unbounded sea

te shou
nd m
oy bre
ther g
me
the mo
rn
r poin
gold
ciy
nd
ator
acho
me
ua

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, featuring several notes and rests.

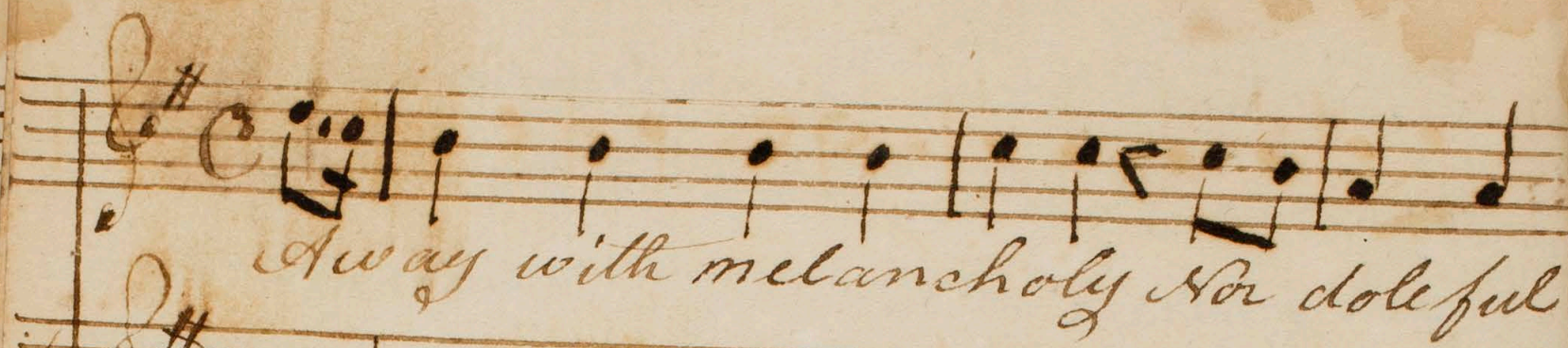
Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, featuring several notes and rests.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, featuring several notes and rests.

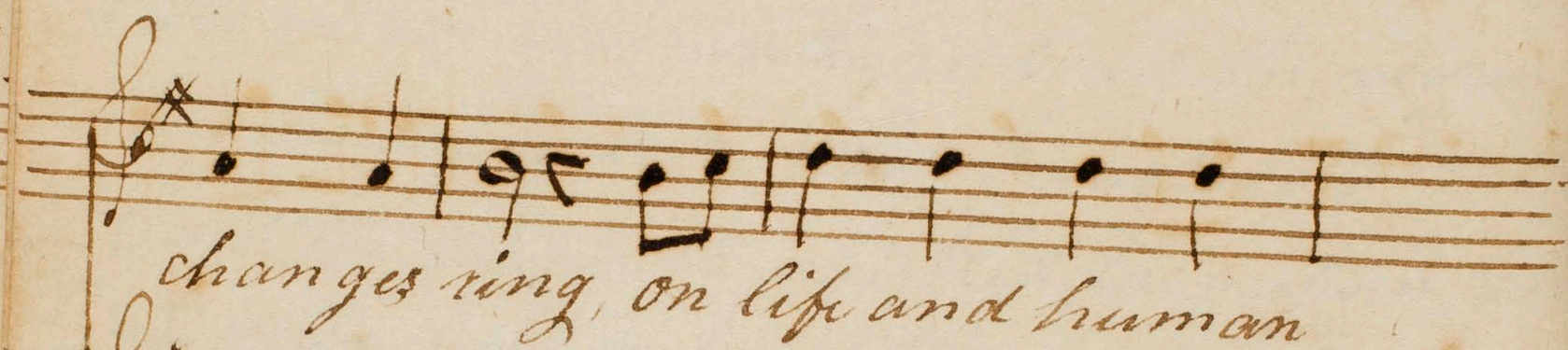
Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, featuring several notes and rests.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, featuring several notes and rests.

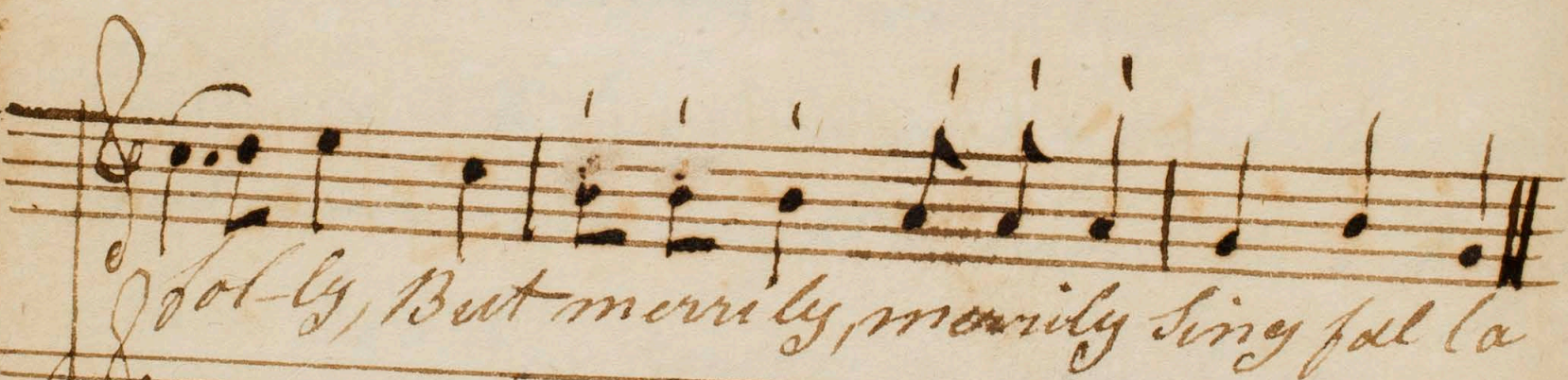
Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, featuring several notes and rests.



Away with melancholy Nor doleful



changes ring, on life and human

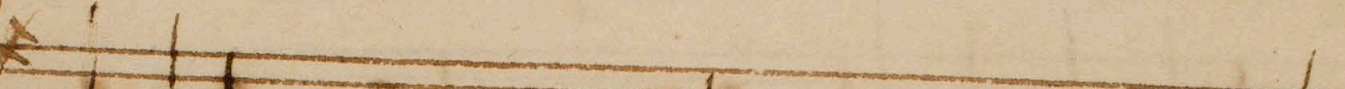


Toll-y, But merrily, merrily Sing full la

Come on ye rosy hours, Gay smiling moments

bring, We'll strew the way with flowers, And

merrily merrily sing, Fal-la, Then what's the



use of sighing, While time is on the wing

Can ^{we} prevent his flying, Then mercifully

merrily sing fal la

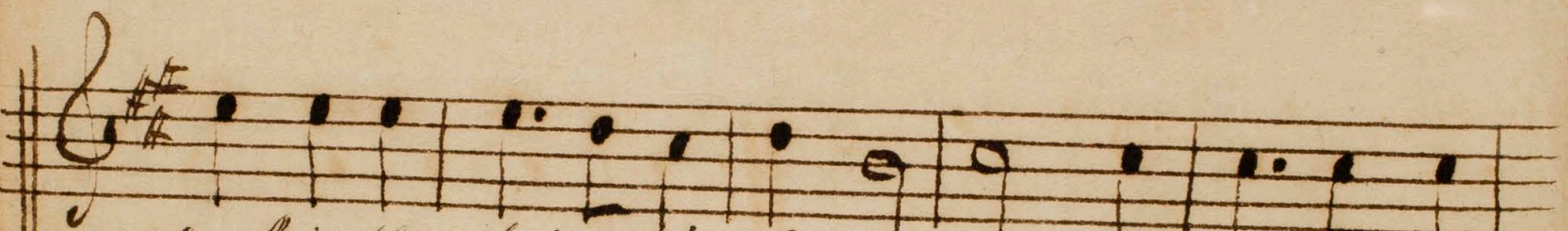
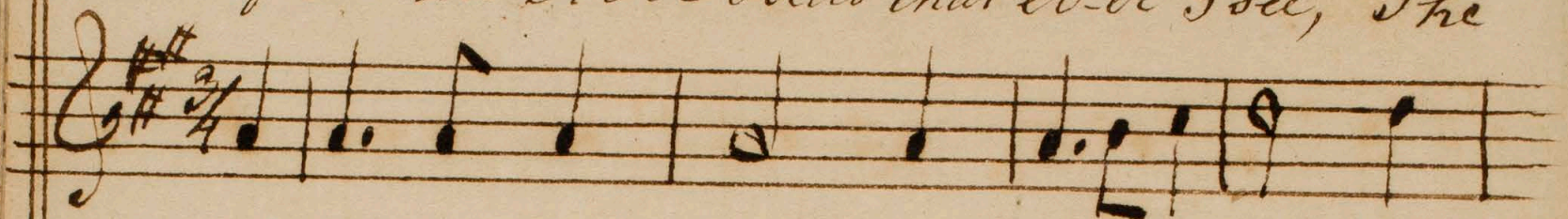
the wing

ly

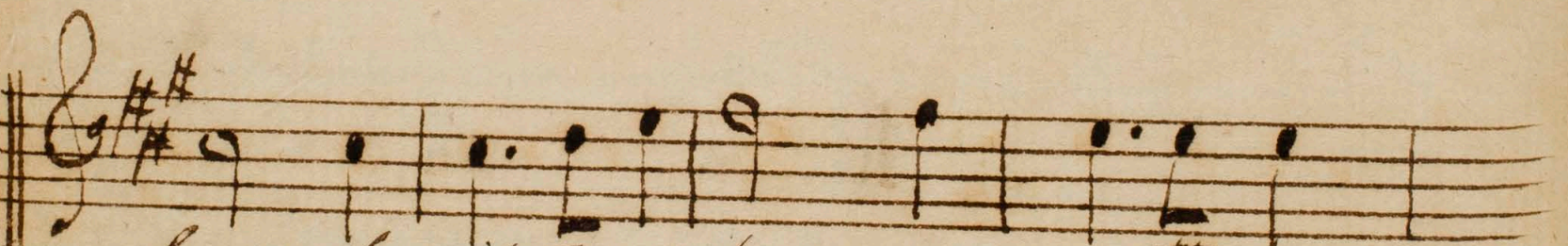
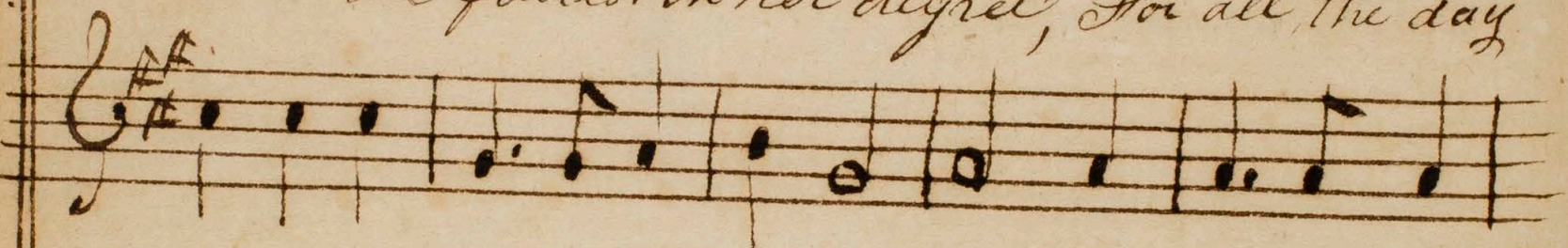
Andante Vivace Of All the Brave birds



of all the brave birds that ever I see, The



owl is the fairest in her degree; For all the day



long she sits in a tree, And when ^{the} night



comes away flits she Je whoo,

Je what Je whom drinkst

Je what Je whoo

Chorus
Sir Knave to thee. This song is well sung I

thou

Chorus
This song is well sung I

make you a vow, And he is a knave that

poi ad lib

drunketh now Rose, nose, nose,

a tempo

nose, and who gave thee that jolly red

shows

nose? Cinnamon and Nutmegs and

Cinnamon and ginger, Nutmegs and

Handwritten musical score on three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics "cloves, And they gave me this jolly red nose" are written in cursive below the first two staves. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The paper is aged and shows signs of wear, including stains and foxing.

